HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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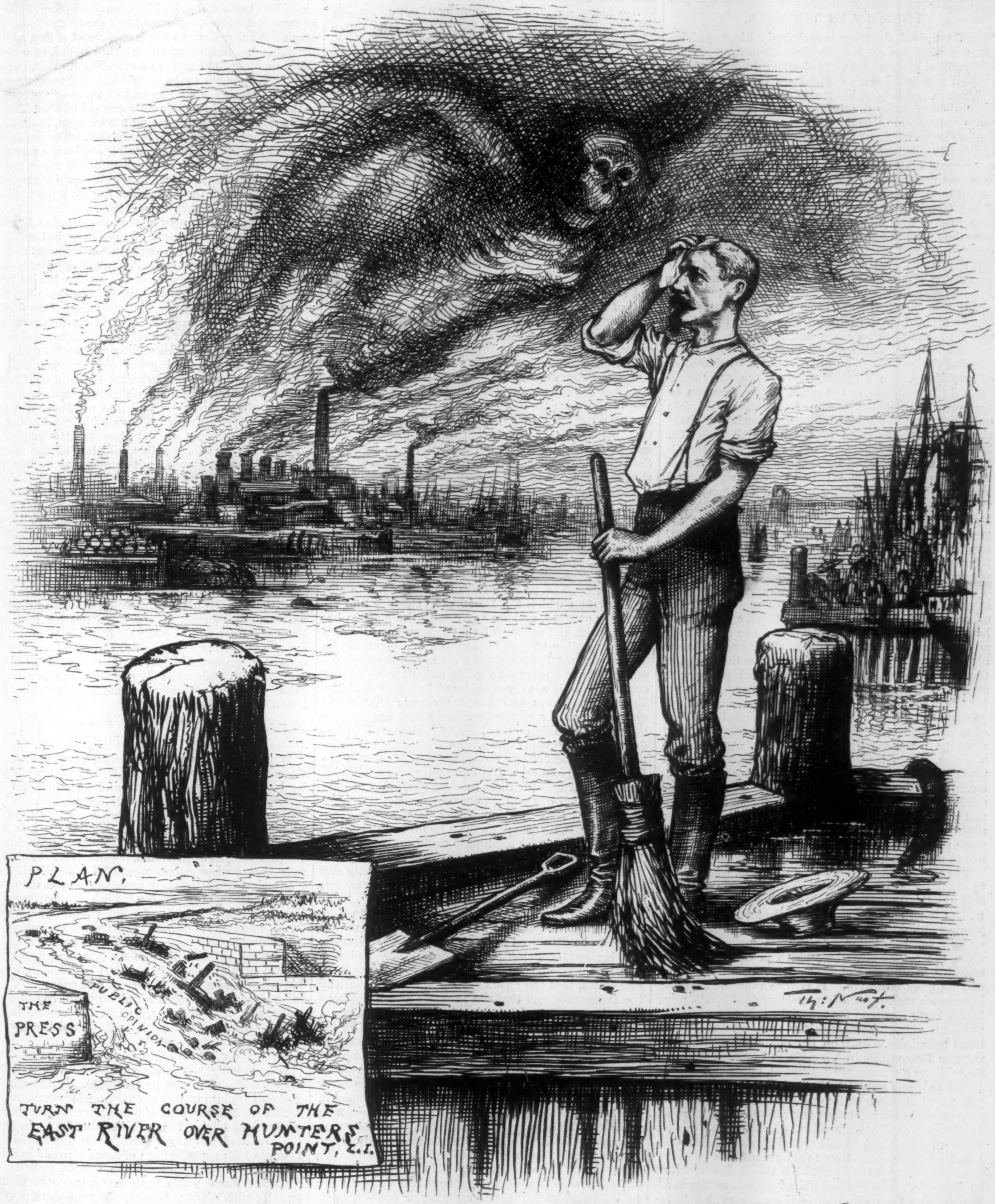

PLAN.
THE PRESS
PUBLIC OPINION
TURN THE COURSE OF THE EAST RIVER OVER HUNTERS POINT, L.I.
Th: Nast

LET US HAVE A CLEAN SWEEP ALL AROUND NEW YORK.

THE NEXT TASK FOR HERCULES COLEMAN.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY—16 PAGES.

No. 94 of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *issued August 16, contains the first chapter of "Penelope," a new serial story for girls, written by* MRS. JOHN LILLIE *and illustrated by* ABBEY. *It also contains Chapter III. of "Tim and Tip," the new story by the author of "Toby Tyler"; a timely article on Poison-Ivy, how to distinguish it, and how to escape the effects of its poison; a chat about Philately that will interest stamp-collectors; "How a Buoy Saved the Boys," and "The Little Dog-Catcher"; short stories by* MATTHEW WHITE, JUN., *and* MRS. MARY D. BRINE; *besides many other attractions.*

POLITICS IN VIRGINIA.

THE political situation is strikingly illustrated by the platform of the Virginia Democrats. The Convention cheered old Confederate soldiers, and the orators recounted with enthusiasm the Confederate services of candidates, but it also passed a hearty resolution of sympathy for the President, hoping for his speedy restoration "to the discharge of his important duties for the welfare and honor of our common country," and it declared general principles which are the very creed of republicanism. Indeed, the Virginia Democracy surpasses even that of Ohio in its unconditional assertion of republican principles. In North Carolina the Democrats adopted the Prohibition instead of the Republican creed, and they have been overwhelmed at the polls. In Maine some Democrats proposed a fusion with the Greenback party, but they were overborne, and the Convention reaffirmed the HANCOCK platform, sympathized with the President, and adjourned.

All this shows that the two great parties are no longer divided by the old issues, and that they have not yet taken position upon new questions. This is the situation in which elections will be decided by the traditions of party, and by the personal character of candidates. In Virginia, for instance, the Democrats declare generally for exact justice, freedom of the press and of the person, free voting and fair counting, trials by impartial juries, respect for State rights, and preservation of the national authority. Nothing could be better. But the voter will naturally consider whether the Democratic party has proved its sincere regard for all these great rights, and whether they are probably safer under Democratic than under Republican ascendency. The Virginia Democrats declare specifically for maintaining the public-school system for white and colored children, against increasing the present rate of taxation, and for settling the State debt upon the basis of a three-per-cent. bond. Here, again, experience will decide. The Democrats have been long in power. The voters know whether they have honestly maintained the school system, whether they have taxed equably, and how zealously and effectively they have labored for an actual settlement of the debt. Those voters know also the position of the Democrats upon the repeal of the capitation tax, the abolition of the whipping-post, and the petty larceny laws. As the party in power, they will be tried by their performances, not by their professions. If their policy has been plainly a policy of equal justice, of protection of an honest vote, of equality in the school management, of opposition to a mean, petty, teasing tyranny intended to work practical injustice, if they have vigorously and successfully addressed themselves to the settlement of the State debt, they have a right to expect the continued confidence of the voters. But if they have done nothing of all this, and the decision is to be made upon the results of experience, fine professions ought not to save them.

The question for Virginia Republicans, who belong to the national party which has secured equal rights, and practically maintains them wherever it has control, is whether they can serve that cause more by joining either the regular or the MAHONE Democrats, or by a separate ticket. This must depend so much upon the actual situation, which is difficult for an outsider to understand, that advice from the outside can be only tentative. It is true that the MAHONE Democrats make promising overtures to Republicans. But it is no less true that they do this to secure Republican votes, not necessarily to carry out Republican principles. But, on the other hand, since the regular Democracy in Virginia is hopeless so far as Republican purposes are concerned, ought not Republicans to make any alliance to defeat it? Upon this point an independent Republican in South Carolina writes that in his judgment any alliance is permissible in States like South Carolina, Alabama, and others, where the electoral frauds are so glaring and shameless that their correction takes precedence of every question. But he is doubtful if this is the situation in Virginia. His general observations are worth attention at a time when party lines are evidently relaxed:

> "In my opinion, one of the chief causes of the utter failure of the Republican party to establish a solid basis hitherto in the South has been the notoriously bad character of most of the party leaders. A large proportion of the white people, and those, too, the most moderate, intelligent, and progressive, have now little or no fault to find with the essential principles of the national Republican party, such as honest money, civil service reform, equal rights for both races, education of all classes, etc. But intelligent and patriotic men, anxious to enjoy the benefits of honest, economical, and orderly government, can not be expected to support a party represented by notoriously incapable and corrupt leaders, however objectionable some of the principles and practices of their own party may be. I would have Republicans at the South take advantage of all disagreements and divisions among their opponents to promote the principles of their own party; not, however, by close alliances with men of doubtful character, and principles directly antagonistic to vital principles of their own party, but by supporting, wherever occasion offers, honest, respectable, and bona fide opposition to the fraudulent practices of the Democratic party."

"If you advise us to co-operate," says our South Carolina Republican, "let it be only with the better elements of the Democratic party." We concur with him. But the better element of the Democratic party in any Southern State is that which honestly seeks justice for all citizens. Is it the Bourbon Democrats or the MAHONE Democrats who really do this in Virginia?

PARTIES AND REFORM.

THE *Evening Post*, quoting from an article in the New Orleans *Times* upon the necessity of reform of the spoils system, points out that it is useless and foolish to question the sincerity of Democratic professions upon this subject. This comes with peculiar propriety from the *Evening Post*, because, although an independent Republican journal, it has Democratic traditions of the best kind. Under Mr. BRYANT and Mr. LEGGETT it advocated a tariff for revenue, not for protection, and "hard money," and a limitation of the functions of government. It was the best exponent of what was best in Democratic doctrines. But when the party degenerated into a huge slavery propaganda, Mr. BRYANT followed his principles out of his party, and he and the *Post* remained in the best sense Republican. Among New York journals the *Post* has always held a distinctive literary position, while from its character, ability, and interest it has been especially a favorite family paper, and upon occasion of the recent change in the proprietorship and editorship we were glad to express our satisfaction that its best traditions would be confirmed and strengthened.

That this has been the event will not be questioned. The *Post* was never a more positive power than it is now; and it is significant and interesting that its renewed energy and influence as a sagacious, intrepid, and independent leader of opinion should be coincident with the decline and fall of the despotism which has long oppressed the Republican organization in New York. The power of the despotism lay in the spoils system which the *Post* has so steadily and effectively exposed, and we agree with the *Post* in believing that the reform of that system has now become a question of such importance that it can not be disregarded safely by a party which proposes to represent the true progressive spirit and purpose of the country. It is a very significant fact also that the Republican *Times* and the Democratic *World* not only strenuously advocate reform, but agree upon the most desirable method. The *Tribune*, while not denying the necessity of some kind of change, is skeptical of the competitive method, and holds that if the Democrats are sincere, they can easily prevent the interference of office-holders in elections, and the payment by them of enforced contributions, if they will only authoritatively declare that, in case of Democratic success, no removals shall be made in the public service except for legitimate cause.

If the Democratic friends of reform are able to direct the declarations of their party, undoubtedly this will be done, as it certainly will be done if the reform Republicans can influence Republican policy. But why should Republicans permit Democrats to take the lead upon a question so important? The matter is not to be dismissed by saying that the Democratic talk is all water-melon and bass drum. It is undoubtedly true, as we have heretofore said, and as the *Tribune* states, that the spoils system was introduced by the Democrats, and that the progress which has been made in reform is due to Republican administration. But it is equally true that the bill introduced by the Democratic Senator PENDLETON is the best measure of reform ever proposed in Congress; and it is no less true that while a Republican Congress in 1875 refused to a Republican President the appropriation to carry out reform, a Democratic Congress in 1881 granted it, and to a Republican President. There are multitudes of Democrats who are quite as much in earnest upon the subject as Republicans, and it needs only a certain amount of feeling upon the question to make it a party issue. The PENDLETON bill was drawn in consultation with the most intelligent friends of reform in both parties. There is no trick or evasion in it; and if the Democratic party, as such, should adopt it and urge its passage, all those of any party who sincerely desire to see a simple and practicable method of reform would be found, from the necessity of the case, supporting the Democratic party upon a question of paramount public interest. As Republicans, we think it would be very "bad politics" to give the Democratic party so dangerous an advantage.

THE PLAGUE-SPOTS AROUND THE CITY.

WE are glad to see that the residents of Newtown, Long Island, are striving to induce their Board of Health to do their duty toward the various nuisances in their neighborhood. The pestiferous factories which have been driven out of Kings County have planted themselves at Newtown, and poison the air from that quarter. It is a matter which affects both the health and the property interests of the community; and, fortunately, as it is one of which the community is constantly and odiously reminded, the people of Newtown will probably persevere in their efforts to save themselves. Fortunately the State Board of Health is fully alive to the necessity of action upon the subject. A subcommittee of the Board, of which the Hon. ERASTUS BROOKS and Dr. ELISHA HARRIS are members, recently made a sudden and unannounced visit to Barren Island, the seat of some of the worst pests of the kind in the neighborhood of New York, contaminating and desolating a wide area, including the summer resorts at Coney Island. The subcommittee investigated the rendering methods upon the foul island, and it is understood that they are of opinion that the nuisance is such as to warrant a peremptory order from the Governor for its suppression, which they will endeavor to obtain.

It must not be supposed that these poisoning establishments are the seats of necessary but unpleasant industries, to which the community must reconcile itself as well as it can. They are deliberate and unjustifiable crimes against the public health and comfort. The able committee of the State Board, which has made a thorough investigation of the whole subject, were unanimously of opinion that not less than nine-tenths of all effluvium nuisances and matters of complaint can be wholly controlled and prevented by simple and practicable means. They therefore, and very properly, recommend that such regulation should be made obligatory upon the proprietors of the nuisances, and that whatever can not be sufficiently controlled by available means should be removed to a reasonable distance from populous districts. This is a sensible solution of the whole difficulty, and it would be a satisfactory reason for the existence of the State Board, even had it done nothing else, that it has furnished the means of an immediate and complete investigation of this evil, and the most intelligent recommendation for its removal.

Nothing is now wanting but the action of the Governor. He listened at once to the weighty petition of citizens of New York upon the subject; and upon the report of the committee of the State Board of Health, he issued his proclamation requiring the nuisances to be abated. They have not been abated. They remain, poisoning the air of the city, and defying the authority of the State. They will evidently not remove themselves, and the same vigor of action toward them which the Governor has shown in his vetoes would be a timely and most serviceable exhibition of executive authority.

ASSASSINATION.

IT is certainly a remarkable fact that a man can state in the city of New York truly and openly that he has deliberately planned and accomplished the murder of innocent persons in Russia, and yet that he is entirely safe from any other penalty than the moral condemnation of the community. It is a familiar legend that the Roman law did not provide for the punishment of parricide, because it was inconceivable that such a crime would be committed. The confession of HARTMANN, or of the person who calls himself HARTMANN, in New York apprises us that there are flagrant cases of crime which our laws and treaties do not yet cover. HARTMANN has committed no offense in this country, and we have no treaty of extradition with Russia. If the Russian government should furnish complete proof of his identity and of his crime, and ask for his arrest and surrender, there is no legal ground upon which he could be seized and returned. Happily no man can be arrested in this country but by the authority of law, and the law does not cover this case.

A treaty of extradition with Russia, or with any purely despotic government, would be a very delicate transaction. It must protect perfectly the right of political asylum in this country, and prevent the surrender of men for political punishment under pretense of criminal trial. It is evident that in the negotiations for such a treaty the whole question of the criminality of the assassination of despots would be drawn into debate. Undoubtedly the general judgment of mankind does not condemn CHARLOTTE CORDAY equally with WILKES BOOTH. Yet the plea for tyrannicide which LANDOR urges is equally rejected by that general judgment, because it is as applicable to private as to public wrong, and virtually commits the power over a man's life to the discretion of every one of his neighbors. "Nothing can excuse assassination," says D'Azeglio, "because it is an act of treachery in execution of a sentence pronounced without trial by an incompetent tribunal." But a treaty of criminal extradition between civilized states assumes, first, perfect good faith, then a common consent as to the character of crime, and open and equable legal procedure. The surrender of a man politically hateful to an absolute government to be tried by its military officers, under any plea whatever, is a proceeding that can not be too carefully guarded in a free country. This would be the difficulty in the negotiation of an extradition treaty with Russia. Its government is practically a government of terror, and we do not wish to add to its horrors by helping it to secure its victims who escape to other lands.

On the other hand, the horror of taking the power of life and death into private and irresponsible hands is in this country so profound and instinctive that Hartmann has recoiled from it, and gone over the border lest it should prompt his surrender even without the form of law. His apprehension is needless, but that the public mind revolts at his confession is undeniable. The event of the 2d of July has shown us the nature and the consequences of his doctrine and plan of assassination. It involves the murder of innocent persons. Now while murder can not be prevented, it need not be promoted. The Nihilist conspiracy of assassination in Russia, like the September massacres in the French Revolution, is the ghastly and natural fruit of despotism. They point the argument against absolutism. But they strangely confuse our minds if they lead us to praise or to excuse Marat and the terrorists. One crime does not justify another. That the Czar sends an innocent man to Siberia and silences protest does not justify Hartmann in murdering another innocent man at Moscow as a warning to the Czar. If Charlotte Corday takes her life in her hand, and strikes Marat to the heart, we must admit that Marat's hideous crimes provoke such retaliation. But if we would praise a heroine's deeds as well as purpose, it is Jean D'Arc, not Charlotte Corday, that we recall.

THE CROWE CONTINGENT.

The case of Crowe at Peoria has been fully discussed by the daily press, and, like that of Hartmann, it reveals a criminal offense with which our laws do not deal. Crowe declares that he manufactured the dynamite infernal machine to explode in England, and by indiscriminate murder and terror to help the cause of Ireland. He proposes to help that cause further by ruining British commerce, to accomplish which result he will cause machines to be smuggled into trading vessels, to explode and sink them in due time. Happily this is a matter which can be managed without great difficulty. The shipping of murderous material and machines with felonious intent to countries with which we have treaty relations can be punished like any other crime. The plan of making America the base of assassination in Europe will miscarry. There are no worse enemies of liberty and the rights of the people everywhere than those who would make this country the paradise of assassins. The republican cause in Europe for a half-century and more—indeed, since the Holy Alliance that followed the wars of Napoleon—has had no deadlier hinderance than its apparent identification with assassination. The conspiracies of the Carbonari and other similar leagues, so far as they proposed violence, did not loosen the chains of despotism, but gave republicanism a bad name.

The story of Crowe, as we write, has not been verified, but there is no doubt, we believe, of his standing and his authority in the Fenian fraternity. The Fenian position in this country is generally rather ludicrous, as it consists of vociferation and contribution of money for "the men in the gap," with a strong suspicion that it is the gap in the pockets of the vociferating committee which is filled by the money. But, like the Gascons, if the Irish have a large mouth, they have also a strong hand. Their courage and their fighting qualities have been amply demonstrated, and if the Skirmishing Committee now turns out to be a committee for the supply of infernal dynamite machines, ridicule of Captain Bobadils will readily turn into punishment of criminals.

Every man who acknowledges the long English misrule of Ireland, and who rejoices to see the vigorous efforts of the Gladstone government to be just to a country whose popular leaders sneer at the effort, must wish a thousand times that in this emergency O'Connell, instead of a man like Parnell, were the Irish chief. O'Connell, without doubt, would have frankly co-operated with the administration, because he would have been sure of its good faith. To the administration, on the other hand, O'Connell's suggestions would have been invaluable, and in cases of difference, his opinion would have had immense weight. In effect, he would have been Chief Secretary for Ireland, and he and the Gladstone ministry could have done more for the relief of the country than has been done in five hundred years. It is the tragedy of Ireland that in O'Connell's time there was no Prime Minister Gladstone, and now, when he appears, that there is no O'Connell. It seems, indeed, the very irony of fate, if Crowe's story be true, that the Irish, whom oppression has driven from their country, should be laboriously plotting three thousand miles away to destroy the hand that is trying to remedy the oppression of Ireland.

THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.

There is a very general feeling in England that it will be very difficult to supply the place of Dean Stanley as the custodian of Westminster Abbey. The difficulty and delicacy of the position are due to the fact that the Abbey is the national Walhalla, the temple dedicated to monuments of great men, and that the Dean decides who shall be admitted. Of course, if Parliament decrees a statue in the Abbey to any famous Englishman, as recently to Lord Beaconsfield, the Dean can not interfere. But otherwise he is the judge, and it was his decision which would have given the young Bonaparte a monument in the Abbey, except for the national protest. The proper discharge of the Dean's duty requires a combination of perception, tact, discretion, intelligence, force, and courtesy which it is not easy to find, and which the *Times* seems to consider almost undiscoverable among living Englishmen.

The last literary work of Dean Stanley was a paper upon the Revised New Testament. He was one of the company of revisers, and he thought that it was too soon to express a positive opinion of the probability of its general adoption. But he was evidently inclined to think that it would be very acceptable, as giving a more exact appreciation of the New Testament, and that, it seems to us, would cause its general adoption.

MR. SIMONTON AND THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.

For fifteen years Mr. J. W. Simonton has managed the business of the New York Associated Press with a skill, an intelligence, and urbanity which make his retirement a serious misfortune. His experience was invaluable, and combined with his admirable administrative qualities, it gave him a singular command of the duties of his position. With great good sense, the association has not asked a ward committee or a party boss whom it should appoint as his successor, but it has promoted to Mr. Simonton's place a gentleman who has been thoroughly trained to the business, and who will retain the place, of course, as long as he serves faithfully and efficiently. This is an example which the people of this country may wisely heed in the management of their own public business.

Mr. Simonton removes, we understand, to California, and will be attended thither by the sincere respect and regard of this community, and the warmest wishes of a multitude of personal friends.

SKELETON SHIPS.

In another part of this paper will be found an interesting letter from the Hon. S. S. Cox, describing, in a very piquant and graphic manner, the ancient ships which have recently been discovered in Norway. The letter was addressed to a friend, through whose courtesy we are permitted to lay it before our readers.

SOUND DOCTRINE.

The moral of the late Senatorial election in New York, and the true policy for the Republican party, as it is seen by the shrewdest Republicans, is admirably and forcibly stated by the Buffalo *Express*, as follows:

> "It won't do, then, merely to substitute for the old a new management of machine bossism. The difference must be radical. The people must be satisfied that the mighty change, the new birth of the party, has brought a genuine regeneration. Honesty and good faith must rule, and the reform must begin at the very beginning. There must be no more snap caucuses. Delegates must represent something more convincing than brute force. Conventions must record the party's sentiment. Candidates must be chosen for their merits, and not be permitted to nominate themselves. The offices must seek the men. There must be no more slate-made tickets. The spoils system must be obliterated. The Republican party must rely for success on the character of the men in whose behalf the people's votes are solicited. Promises won't go much farther. The public mind is about made up that political parties, as parties, are pretty much alike. The Republicans claim to represent the best intelligence of the people everywhere, and they must everywhere make good that claim in the character of their candidates, so far as nominations can do it."

THE CONCORD SCHOOL OF PHILOSOPHY.

The Concord School of Philosophy has been as prosperous and interesting as ever this year; and excepting at the Kant meeting at Saratoga, there has probably never been so much good talk about Kant in so short a time as on the Kant days. Professor Hedge, of Harvard, read an admirable sketch of the philosopher's life, which not only told his story but clearly stated his philosophical position and influence. President Porter, of Yale, sent a discourse upon Kant's relation to modern religious thought. Professor Harris, of Missouri, Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, Professors Watson and Morris, of Michigan, Mr. Mears, and others, also took part with papers and conversation.

The audience at this interesting assembly, in which the garden and the groves of the Academy are renewed, is never very large, but, as usual, the true audience is beyond, and is reached through the reports. Jocosity in such reports, however, is misplaced. To ridicule Messrs. Hedge and Porter and Harris in their discourse upon Kant or any subject of philosophy is as absurd as to make sport of John Stuart Mill in discoursing of political economy, or Macaulay of history, or the bankers at Niagara of finance. The papers read at the Concord School are a very valuable contribution to philosophical study in America.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Bret Harte's chances of ultimate interment in Westminster Abbey have been lessened by the death of Dean Stanley, who was a great admirer of Mr. Harte's works, and who once said to him, laughingly, but with genuine sincerity, "I do not want you to be in a hurry to quit this world, Mr. Harte, but if you die before me, I shall certainly put you in Westminster Abbey."

—Mr. Neilson, who has just died in London, was one of the oldest members of the English press. For nearly fifty years he was on the staff of the London *Times*, for which journal he wrote the account of the Queen's coronation. He reported the first speech which Mr. Disraeli ever uttered at a public banquet, and thereafter for forty years was the special reporter of the great man's addresses. Disraeli never forgot him, and when he had the power he offered Mr. Neilson a pension of $1000 a year from the Literary Fund. The proprietors of the London *Times* refused to allow Mr. Neilson to accept this gift, but in lieu of it they added $250 a year to his salary.

—Mr. Walter, of the London *Times*, accompanied by members of his family, is soon to make another trip to the United States. After a brief rest and visit to the cottage of his old friend Mr. George W. Childs at Long Branch, where hospitality doth greatly abound, he will visit the West.

—A London correspondent of the New York *Times* describes William Black, the novelist, as "slight, and not very tall, with a fine head, dark hair, and expressive dark eyes. He is courteous and genial in manner, with a little trick of looking down as he talks, and suddenly raising his eyes with a quick, keen expression at any remark that interests or amuses him. In conversation he is charming, and in his own house and at his own table a most gracious and kindly host. His fund of story, anecdote, and repartee is inexhaustible, while to be with him is but constantly to recall Dick Steele's tribute to the Lady Elizabeth Hastings, that 'to know her was a liberal education.' He has slender and well-formed hands, and he is always a *preux chevalier* in his appearance. Mrs. Black is, as according to the law of contrasts she should be, a blonde, with blue eyes, a fair complexion, and soft, plenteous golden hair that waves about her head most artistically. She is clever and interesting beyond most women, all the more so perhaps because of the little air of sadness that surrounds her. She has a sweet voice and pleasant manners, is an intense admirer of her husband, though thoroughly capable of criticising keenly and impartially his work, only desirous that he shall not lose his position with the public that he has so honestly won." Mr. Black is forty years old, and was born in Glasgow.

—Senator Plumb, of Kansas, is to be congratulated on having made, as is reported, $3,000,000 in mining operations during the last two years. Senator Plumb, who is now forty-one, is an Ohioan and a printer. He aided in establishing the Xenia *News*. In 1856 he went to Kansas and established the Emporia *News*. In 1859 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention, and subsequently a member of the Legislature. In 1862 he entered the army as second lieutenant of the Eleventh Kansas Infantry, and came out a lieutenant-colonel. In 1873 he became president of the Emporia Bank; and in 1877 was elected to the United States Senate. His term will expire in 1883.

—Thomas Broadwood, recently deceased in London, left a personal estate of $2,000,000, besides large landed possessions. Henry Astor was a partner of Mr. Broadwood's grandfather, who founded the house, and who first sent his brother John Jacob Astor to this country, a century ago, to sell musical instruments; and an old spinnet bearing the trade-mark of Broadwood & Astor still exists in this city.

—The members of the cabinet, says the Cleveland *Herald*, are all married, and during the illness of the President have been accompanied by their wives on their nightly visits to the White House. Mrs. Blaine is a woman of marked executive ability, and for this was chosen to meet Mrs. Garfield at the railway station, and gently reveal to her the real condition of the President during the ride to the White House. Mrs. Windom and Mrs. MacVeagh are favorites in social circles, because of the kindness of heart and simplicity of manner they manifest. Mrs. James possesses much of the tact in the management of affairs that has made her husband so successful. Mrs. Lincoln is more retiring and dignified in her manners than the others; while Mrs. Kirkwood is like her husband, plain and unpretentious, and evidently fonder of the comforts of the domestic circle than of shining in society.

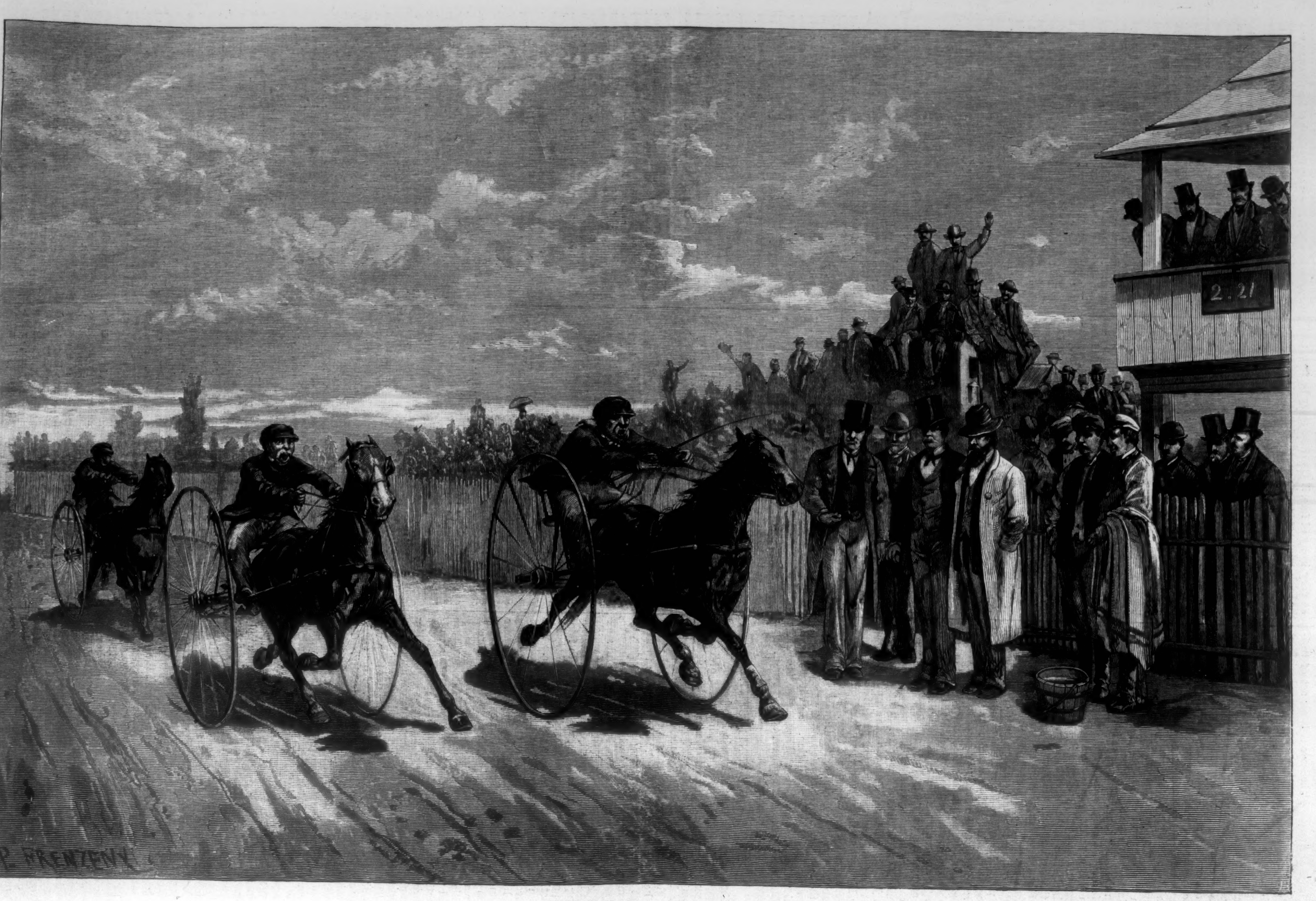
—It is a curious fact that though the late Mark Hopkins died worth some $30,000,000, he never kept books or had any bank account. He spent $1,750,000 in the construction of a house, but the estate has not a single receipt for expenditures.

—People do not tire of reading of the personal tastes and surroundings of Lord Beaconsfield, whose house in Curzon Street, London, is thus described: "The first room into which the visitor enters is the library, the front room on the ground-floor. This has a handsome Indian carpet, and the furniture here is Chippendale. The dining-room, which leads out of the library, has polished oak furniture, including a sideboard, evidently made to fit a recess. A very handsome Turkish carpet covers the floor. Next to the dining-room and library interest will centre in the late statesman's bedroom. This is on the first floor, and is remarkable for the hangings. The walls are covered with blue silk, having roses in bloom spread gracefully over it, and the same material forms curtains alike for the window, for the bed, and coverings for the chairs. The anteroom to the bedroom is similarly decorated. The drawing-rooms, on the same floor, are in great contrast, so far as color is concerned, to the bedroom and anteroom, the curtains, chairs, ottomans, sofas, and tables being covered in brilliant crimson satin damask for all except the tables, for which velvet is used."

—Mr. Charles O'Conor has a summer home at Nantucket, where his health has greatly improved. He came to New York last fall, but, after staying two weeks, felt unwell again, and returned to Nantucket, where he wintered. "But much," says he, "as I like Nantucket, I am thinking of wintering at Bermuda. I am obliged to wear my winter clothing this summer for comfort, and even then I find myself none too comfortable."

—A son of Mr. Gladstone, speaking to the London correspondent of the Boston *Advertiser*, says of his father: "I always think that the key to a good deal in his character is his strong and permanent natural conservatism in religion, habit, and general bias. Reason and sympathy make him liberal."

—Mr. W. H. Vanderbilt's latest acquisition is a paving-stone, the largest ever quarried in any country, which is to be placed on the walk in front of his new mansion in Fifth Avenue. It was taken from a quarry at Barryville, Sullivan County, New York, and is twenty-five feet two inches long, fifteen feet wide, and eight inches thick. There was much difficulty in bringing ~~it to the city~~. It was first rolled down a hill a distance of half a mile to the river-bank, and then placed edgewise in a canal-boat especially arranged to receive it. The canal-boat brought it to the foot of West Thirteenth Street in this city, when it was taken out by one of Delamater's floating derricks, and placed upon the deck of the derrick. From Thirteenth Street the derrick was towed to the foot of West Fifty-first Street, where the stone was lifted out, and placed upon two trucks built for the occasion, and capable of carrying thirty-five or forty tons. Six teams of horses hauled it to its present resting-place. The risk in handling such a block of stone is very great, as a sudden jar or fall would be apt to break it. It was estimated that it would cost from $5000 to $6000 to duplicate it.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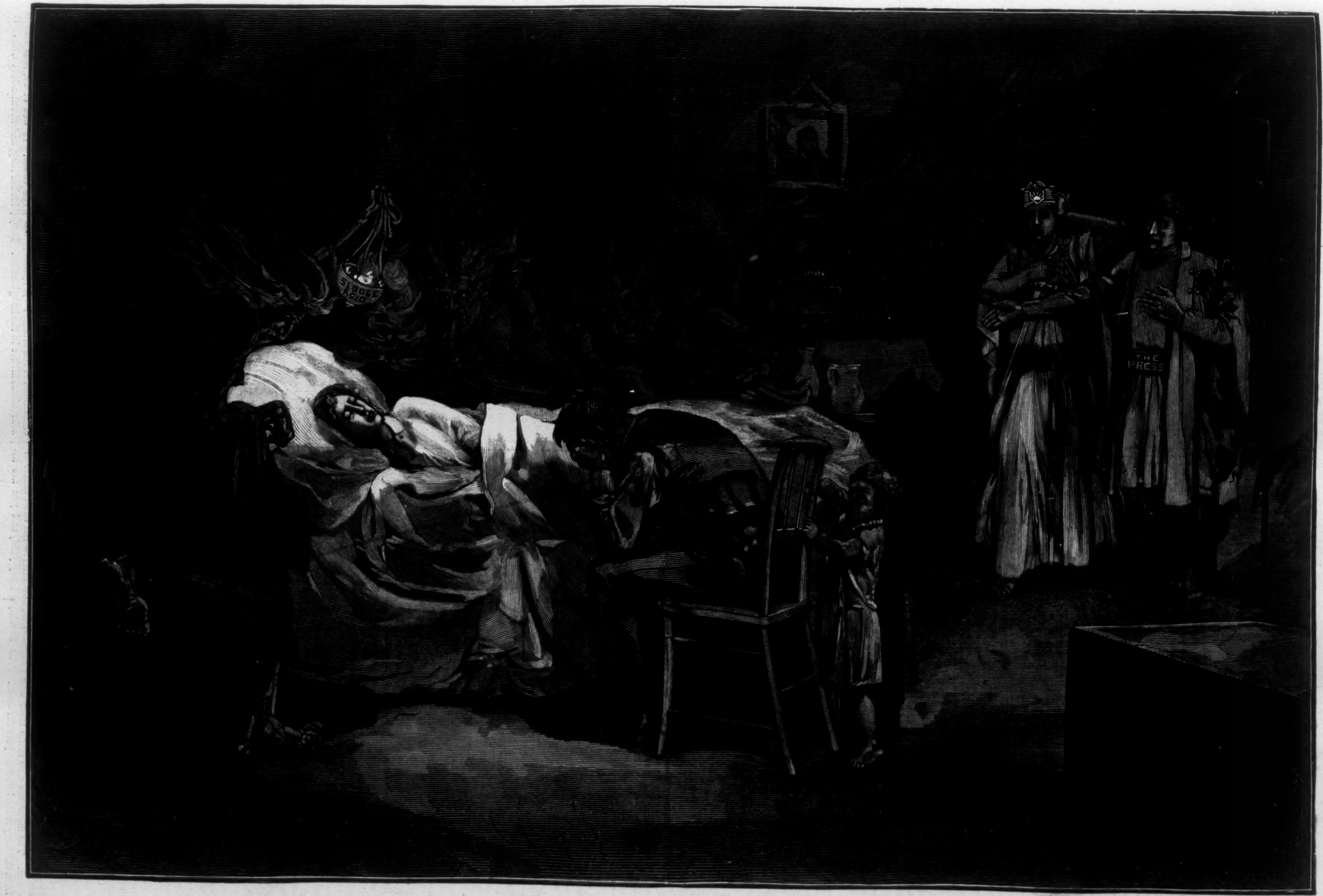
P. FRENZENY

A HORSE TROT.—DRAWN BY PAUL FRENZENY.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THE PRESS

THE VICTIMS OF HUNTER'S POINT—HOW THE FOUL ODORS AGGRAVATE THE MISERIES OF THE SICK ROOM.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 566.]

HUNTER'S POINT AND ITS VICTIMS.

THE gases, odors, and foul emanations from Hunter's Point attack one of the most populous and interesting parts of the city. On the eastern side, from the river to Third Avenue, and from Grand Street to Thirty-fourth, or even Forty-second Street, extends a district thickly peopled by perhaps four hundred thousand inhabitants. They are among the most valuable of our citizens. Most of them are engaged in useful labors; they live usually in tall tenement-houses that line the eastern avenues, and afford a pleasant residence to a vast population. Most of these great houses on Avenues A and B, or First, Second, and Third Avenues, are comfortable buildings, neatly kept, and the families that occupy them live in more ease and content than many of those who possess finer dwellings. The windows, as you pass, are enlivened by flowers, birds, and the laughing faces of children. The various comforts of American life almost surprise the foreigners who have here made their homes; they find broad streets, sometimes kept clean, and at least more inodorous than the narrow haunts of Berlin and Vienna; they find water more abundant than in London or Paris, rents not extravagant, a plentiful market, and comfortable rooms in these tall tenement-houses that are often the scenes of real happiness and content.

It is against this immense population that Hunter's Point aims its offensive exhalations. The wind from Long Island and the sea, that should bring with it a healthful coolness, comes tainted with the vilest of odors. It makes its way into the tall tenement-houses of the east side, destroys the peace and ease of its overflowing population, and brings sickness and death in the midst of apparent security. Berlin or Paris has nothing so offensive as these vapors, and should they appear in those cities, they would at once be suppressed by the prudent authorities. Our foreign citizens who occupy so many of the streets on the east side may well be surprised at the powerlessness of their rulers to protect them from the scourge. It is to be hoped that they will soon learn to protect themselves. By public meetings, petitions, elections, votes, they can easily meet their enemy and discomfit him, if they will. Let them vote only for Aldermen and officials, in future, pledged to defend the city against the odors of Hunter's Point, and they will have made a vast stride in republican education. It is this direct aim in voting that our foreign population have yet to learn. But no one who passes through these crowded avenues on the east side, with their immense mass of women, children, the old, the sick, can fail to see what a painful scourge must be the noxious vapors of Hunter's Point, and how cruel the conduct of the few manufacturers who, for the sake of saving a small outlay, so frequently torture and oppress a whole cityful of their fellow-beings. No doubt they do it often from want of thought; no doubt many are unconscious of their crimes. They should at once seek to amend their error.

They can not call back the dead. They can not recall the misery they have inflicted on hundreds of thousands of worthy citizens. But the time has plainly come in American cities when the people will learn to protect themselves from the carelessness of others. What is called "politics" must give way to common-sense, and corrupt and vile officials who tolerate abuses fatal to the welfare of the people will at last be brought to punishment. Knowledge is making rapid advances, and knowledge will overthrow any party that does not seek the welfare of the city. Manufacturers will be held to a strict account, and he who injures or annoys hundreds of thousands of his fellow-citizens will deserve and receive his punishment as certainly as the ruffian who robs or kills the few; and we believe nowhere is this feeling of indignation at anything that offends the community and the public so rapidly growing as with us. It is taught, or should be, in the public schools; it is the lesson of our history; we are a republic, a commonwealth; we are learning to help each other, to govern ourselves; nearly all our cities are seeking reform, cleanliness, purity, health; and in this tide of progress such abuses as those of Hunter's Point, with all its pestilential airs, are sure to be swept away. The laws of health are yet to be enforced with a strictness unknown before.

On the top of the hill behind Hunter's Point lies Calvary Cemetery, the place of repose for the Irish and Catholic dead. Here priests and people sleep together; here the green field of death spreads out pleasantly; and here the odors of the creek and factories hang like a pall over the silent scene. The mourners who make their way from the ferry to the hill must pass the dreadful ordeal; the slow funeral procession, in some stages of the wind, is enveloped in the nauseous odors. The cemetery is shut out from the city by a singular barrier. One would suppose that the public nuisance would long ago have been denounced by priests and people. It can not be long before they are united against it.

One other class of our citizens are peculiarly interested in this subject. The poisonous breath of Hunter's Point is familiar to all those who pass through it to the interior of Long Island; the excursionist to the sea-shore closes the windows of the car or holds his breath until he is far beyond its limits; and one of the chief avenues to some of the most beautiful and costly sea-side resorts in the world is through an atmosphere that sickens and disgusts. Coney Island and Manhattan Beach, Long Beach and Rockaway, are entered through a barrier of noxious smells that would seem almost impassable. To the young and weak, to delicate women, and invalids of every age, the ordeal is sometimes intolerable, and it is quite certain that there is nowhere else so repulsive an entrance to scenes of recreation and pleasure. If the people of Hunter's Point are wise, they will themselves abate the nuisance, they will force their factories to cease poisoning the rural air, and make their town a fitting portal for the beautiful fields beyond. As the gateway to the countless watering-places of Long Island, where hundreds of thousands pass each day, it may become the most prosperous of towns, the seat of traffic and ease. In its present condition it repels and disgusts. Its noisome creek alone is enough to check its growth; no one would consent to live near so pestilential a marsh as that which lines its banks. No one who enters Hunter's Point, except a few avaricious overseers, but hastens to leave it as soon as he can. The place seems deserted. Its houses are few and scattered. It lies uncared for, neglected, as if malaria and death hovered over it forever.

But no town has a right to make itself a public nuisance, and it is the people of New York who are most concerned to see that this plague is at once removed. It will become the duty of the people of the eastern side to move at once in this matter. They live in the most crowded, but at the same time one of the pleasantest, parts of the city. Their long avenues may yet be made one of the most beautiful. Were they broken by more green spaces, adorned with flowers, provided here and there with a public fountain, the streets kept carefully cleaned, the water flow more abundant, there could be found few pleasanter residences. In summer the sea-breeze comes to them from the green fields of Long Island. In winter they have the warmest and the healthiest side. But so long as Hunter's Point is left unpurified, the people of the eastern side can never have any certain ease. At any moment the pestilential vapor may come upon them. At any hour of the night or day Newtown Creek may send its odors into their sleeping-rooms, choke the slumbering babe, and bring disease and death to youth and age.

From four to six hundred thousand of our inhabitants are thus made uncomfortable and unhappy by an abuse that should long ago have been removed. Why is it that the law is not enforced? Whose fault is it—or rather whose crime—that the factories of Hunter's Point have not long ago been deprived of their sting, and Newtown Creek of its poisonous effluvia? Is the great city of New York powerless to protect the lives and comfort of its people? Let us of all things make our city a fit place for human residences. So long as it remains subject to the exhalations of Hunter's Point, parts of it must resemble rather the lair of wild beasts. It is in the reform and purification of our cities that we may best show our intelligence, our republicanism, our devotion to the common good.

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

SKELETONS OF VESSELS A THOUSAND YEARS OLD.

CHRISTIANIA, NORWAY, *July* 17, 1881.

MY DEAR FRIEND ——: When I visit a new country I naturally make my first respects and last adieus to the Legislature. If it be not in session, then I visit the building where it sits when in session. You, as a calker, would just as naturally first visit a ship-yard, and perhaps it would be your farewell. I am sure that if you had visited Norway, you would not have failed to pioneer the way for me, not to a ship-yard exactly, but to the buildings where repose some old, very old, bones of ships—a thousand years old. Think of a vessel such as Shakspeare photographed in his *Merchant of Venice* lying dead in Goodwin Sands—a mere skeleton—exhumed out of clay and sand, and which once gayly sailed the seas, in full trim, ten centuries ago. You were once—alas, how brief!—the chief calker of the Brooklyn Navy-yard, and you are associated with some of the best men and calkers of the "east side," who have honored me as their Representative. Does it not, therefore, become me, as such, to give an account of my wanderings, especially when I wander upon their special domain? This I proceed to do; but first I send you my credentials from the elder day. Open the small envelope, and you will have some tarred goat's hair and sheep's wool which came from the loose joints of an old skeleton, now on exhibition here, as one of the venerable relics of ship-building and adventure from this home of the Vikings—a thousand years ago.

There are three of these old ships which have survived the rot, rust, and wreck of time. One was dug up in Denmark; this I have not seen. There are two here, preserved in wooden sheds within the University grounds, back of the Museum. I have seen and examined both of them. They require a separate description, as they had different objects, and their burial must have been under different circumstances. The smaller ship was both a tomb and a vessel; the larger one may have been wrecked or buried with its living freight upon it. Both belong to the last years or age of paganism in this Northland. It is called the Younger Iron Age, or the Viking Period, and runs from A.D. 700 to about A.D. 1000. From five to eight hundred years before Columbus is said to have discovered America these vessels wooed the breezes of the fjords of Norway, and gathering experience, ventured into unknown seas. Five centuries before San Domingo loomed up before the eye of the Genoese, Iceland appeared, and became a refuge from the oppressions of the Norwegian rulers. What an inspiration had the unknown for these enterprising navigators! How full of a daring that knew no bounds!

> "So life must live, and soul must sail,
> And unseen over seen prevail,
> And all God's argosies come to shore,
> Let ocean smile or rage and roar."

Civilization, whether from Egypt, Rome, or Greece, Goth, Frank, Celt, or Saxon, has had—if it be not a solecism to say—the unseen ever in its eye. An Irishman contests with a Dane the discovery of Iceland. The latter, Gardar, claims to have discovered it in A.D. 860. We know that Ingolf, a Norseman, colonized it in 874. The year 1000 saw the cross lift itself in radiant beauty above its snows and volcanoes. And upon this island, prodigious of fire and ice, of frozen Heclas and boiling Geysers, where poetry and learning had its electric genius, like its own long night of auroras—upon this island hung the destiny of our New World; for without steam or compass the bold navigators who found Iceland did not stop till they discovered Greenland, and the records of the government here and in Iceland show beyond all doubt that even the shores of Newfoundland, Maine, Massachusetts (Vineland), Rhode Island, and Long Island were temporarily visited, if not settled, by these hardy rovers of the sea in their little vessels of oak and iron. The printed volumes of the Maine and Massachusetts Historical Societies amply demonstrate these facts.

Nor is this so wonderful. Did not Columbus himself, before he sailed west and west, in 1477, consult the log-books and charts of the Northmen at Iceland? Is it not proven that he sailed in an English ship (I think from Bristol, for I have no library handy) to that island, where he received many a hint, if not demonstration, that there was a Cathay beyond the setting sun, which he determined to find?

These are matters of authentic history with which you are familiar, doubtless. They are not marvellous when we know that these same Norsemen, light-haired and energetic, familiar and patient with long days and long nights, and as much at home on water as on land, sailed from the eastern end of the Mediterranean to the Straits of Gibraltar, and conquered, as Vikings, Goths, Vandals, Norsemen, or under various names, other lands than their own, from Northern Africa to Northern Scotland and Ireland. We know that they made William of Normandy a figure in history, and he made England a large figure. Wherever they went they carried that freedom which comes of the sea-faring life, and while they ruled, they civilized in their rude way, or were civilized by contact with other, if not superior, peoples.

In gazing at these boats in which they voyaged, one might well indulge in fancies. What would Massachusetts have been had the Norsemen remained? Where would have been the delights of Coney Island, past which they sailed? Suppose they had preceded Hudson, and went up the river which bears his name, would they not have staid till now, owing to the attractions of the island of Manhattan and the cleanliness of the streets? A thousand anachronisms flicker in the imagination. But, in truth, one can not gaze at these vehicles of adventure, even in their ruin, without picturing the "might-have-beens" of early ages. Neither can one sail amidst these isles of Denmark and Norway without feeling that it is an excellent school for the nurture of seamanship. I have been from Copenhagen to the Arctic Ocean, have seen, under a sun that never went below the horizon, the mountainous rocks which shut and open as the granite gates of this Northland, and the idea has constantly recurred, "What a nursery for the sea are these rough fjords, with their ceaseless fishing and hardy adventure!"

Wherever in the three thousand miles we have voyaged along these waters we have seen a vessel, thoroughly local and indigenous, it has had one characteristic that time has not changed. For thirteen hundred years the Norse ship has had its graceful prow and stern, and a keel that cuts the water with facile play.

Ship-building has doubtless had its vicissitudes. The models of one age are unlike those of another age. Our clippers of thirty years ago—our wooden ship which was the admiration of the world—may have given way somewhat to other shapes of beauty, if not of utility; but whether in iron or wood, there is one model unchangeably, exquisitely beautiful and useful. It is that of the Norse ship whose skeleton I have just been examining. Winds may blow and seas may rage, and vessels may be whelmed upon every coast, but the model which sits "like a swan's neck among the bushes," in a curve of grace beyond the reach of ordinary art, is the vessel whose prow we have seen from Cap Nord to Trondjem, upon every fjord and at every angle—the same dainty, divine shell upon the flood.

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Poetry aside, let us come down to the picture as it is, within the grounds of the university. The first visit we make is to the smaller vessel. It is but forty-three and a third feet long, and was not as well equipped for war as the larger one. It was buried with its skipper, according to a custom referred to in the accounts of the first Christian king here—Haakon the Good. Even the women were sometimes interred in this way under tumuli raised over their boats. Rarely have these evidences of the old custom been found. But it was reserved for the parish of Tune, in the province or amt of Smaalenene, near Frederiksstad, near the Swedish border, and not far from the mouth of the Christiania Fjord, to furnish this specimen. The Antiquarian Society took charge of its excavation, and it has been out in the light here for some years. The clay portion of its mound was the part which best preserved the timber and iron. The lowest part of the prow seems to be preserved the best. The pressure of earth has broken some of the ribs, but the larger part of the wood remains. It is enough for one of your craft to infer the rest, even as scientists construct the whole animal out of a few bones. The vessel is clinker-built, with iron nails, and almost all oak. Some of the nails and ribs are of fir. It is thirteen feet wide amidships. From keel to gunwale it is only four feet. It must have been flat and low, and in this it closely resembles the boats we have met on our trip to the North Cape. The boards are over an inch thick, and number some ten or eleven on each side. The nails have round heads outside and square within, and hold on well. The tarred oakum you have before you for your own analysis. Where the boards are joined they are cut off obliquely and nailed. The gunwale was all gone. The ribs were thirteen in number, and are built of three different layers of wood, one above the other, and nailed. The ribs are about three feet apart, and their width about seven inches. They were lashed to the boards by ropes made of willow—a common kind of rope which we have seen in the interior even upon buckets and tubs. On the inside of the boards, at every rib, clamps are carved out of the wood, two holes made in the clamp, and in the lower side of the rib a similar one for the rope. Nails also are used everywhere, especially to secure the boards to the keel. This is not a strong mode of joining, you will say; but it is the best they had, and it gave elasticity, if not strength. There were ten ribs on each side. It had sails as well as oars. The mast was held by a very heavy beam of oak across five of the beams in the bottom. The stump of the mast was found standing in the hole—a square hole about four feet by one, which was made large to help lower the mast; and plugs were used, as well as other supports, for the mast, not so apparent.

This skeleton was not without ornament, and perhaps paint, though as it now appears, blackened and tarred for preservation, I could not tell. There are mouldings upon the boards. A rudder was found lying across the vessel. It was of fir, four feet seven inches long, and about a foot wide. It was fixed by a rope to the side of the vessel, in front of the stern-post.

The body of the captain, owner, or whoever the person was, was found just behind the mast beam. The bones and teeth of two horses were found, and some colored glass, and cloth which might have been part of a saddle; also a snow-skate, and some rust from iron implements. Among the ruins were found the handle of a sword of the Viking style, a spear-point, and the boss of a shield, and what is surmised to be the rusty remains of a coat of mail. It is further conjectured that these Vikings kept a barrel on board, for a substantial *bung* was found; but the hole was missing. As an evidence of how some trifling things may be preserved when more important things perish, there were found the needles of juniper bushes in the clay; though what became of the berries, unless they "went down" with the contents of the barrel, it is not stated. Oaken handspikes and spades were found. The whole seems to testify that these rude accompaniments of a soldier-seaman were interred with him, away from the river, out of which the vessel was drawn, and a mound raised, so that the ghost of the deceased might come out of his vessel and overlook the element upon which he had sailed and the land on which he had toiled. The body was buried, doubtless, with the clothes on, as some pieces of cloth and beads indicate. These surmises are more or less sanctioned by the narratives of Norse burials of that time which have come down to us. It is said of an ancient Norse warrior, Harald Hiltetand, who fell in a famous battle, that his conqueror—following our North American Indian custom—ordered the body to be equipped for the other world with its usual companions of this world; his horse was killed, and his saddle buried with the horse and body, so that he could be ready to mount his charger and speed away to the blessed halls of Valhalla.

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If I could reproduce in English the speeches which the good Frau Brandt, who has charge of the sheds where these vessels repose on their frames, and in a good translation from her musical Norse, it would be more satisfactory; but I must be content with some general observations. Along with her little lame daughter of ten, limping on crutches, and making her gestures to correspond with the mother's interesting recital, Madame Brandt expanded on the various qualities of the larger vessel. It is conspicuous for having a huge log-cabin, with a sloping roof, in its centre. Its *ankerstok* is a heavy oak log, which survives the iron anchor it held. It had three little jolly-boats, which were a part of its equipment, showing that it meant business when it went to war.

In fact, it had evidently been worsted in a fight, for the centre of the cabin was torn out, and there was no evidence of its decay or fire. It is seventy-three feet long and seventeen and a half feet wide, and in the same proportions as the other vessel. The rudder was on the side, and both sides were covered with lapped and, it is thought, painted shields, with a central boss of iron. The shields were like scales upon a colored fish, and doubtless, like the costumes of the country, rejoiced in the gayest hues, yellow and red predominant. They were made of fir, and their circumference was held by an iron tire, and the whole covered with the skins of animals. A sledge was found on board, also two respectable bedsteads, many instruments and utensils, and among them a big copper kettle, willow ropes, strong iron nails, and oaken *drikkekoppers* (drinking cups), along with a stout long plank for landing safely, with ridges for the feet. These were found in various stages of decay. The informing genius of this ten-century boat, a skeleton man, with gold and ornaments about him, was discovered in the boat, with the bones of twenty dogs and horses. Some of the instruments and parts of the ship were not devoid of decoration. The rudders of the small boats had carved dragon heads, while the cross-pieces, for the lifting of the boat out of the water —a sort of dock—had horses' heads quaintly carved.

What were these horses doing on the ship? We can account for the dogs and sleigh, but the horses! Perhaps the question may be dimly wrapped up in the conundrum of my friend of the *Iowa Hawkeye:* "Why is the crupper of Bucephalus like a ship's anchor? —Because it's at the end of the hawser." Before expiring over this philosophical solution, both naughtical and poetical, let me propound another question. There were found on board the bones of a peacock, which, out of pure vanity at the naked disclosure, at once dissolved on being exhumed. Now what was that fowl doing on board this Viking craft? Why was that particular bird buried with the Viking soldier and seaman? Let our connoisseurs in antiquities, or our æsthetic philosophers who spread their rhetoric about this bird of Juno, revel in the conundrum, for I must close my poor description, and prepare to move toward Stockholm on the morrow. S. S. Cox.

THE GIRONDISTS.

Carl Piloty, since the death of Kaulbach the leading historical painter of Germany, has chosen as the subject of the large work which is reproduced in our double-page engraving the closing scene in the history of the Girondists. Although their leading statesmen enthusiastically supported the republic proclaimed in September, 1792, they strongly opposed the violent ultra-revolutionary party, and reluctantly voted for the death of Louis XVI. In the following June, after a stormy debate, twenty-two of their leaders were arrested, and after a lingering confinement were sent to the guillotine. Others, including Madame Roland, their brave and gifted inspirer, met the same fate a few weeks afterward.

Readers of Charles Dickens's powerful story, *A Tale of Two Cities*, or of Carlyle's *History of the French Revolution*, will see how faithfully the artist has caught the spirit of that turbulent and bloody period. There are the wretched women, the most cruel of all, who sat complacently knitting while the guillotine was doing its awful work, the mob yelling and hooting at the prisoners in the cart, the eager spectators hustling each other for good places around the scaffold, and the children learning to exult at the sight of blood. All the details have been most carefully studied, and woven together into a work of great interest and power.

AMUSING MISTAKES.

Droll mistakes are of course endless. Here are a few culled at random:

Before the Paris Exhibition was open to the public, and when the building contained only the cases which were being ranged for the respective exhibits, quite a crowd one Sunday flattened their noses against the glass entrance door to look at the contents of a case containing a pair of boots, a battered hat, an overcoat much the worse for wear, and a neck-tie of many colors, the report being circulated that the objects belonged to King Dagobert, Robespierre, or Charles X. The enigma was solved by a painter arriving and throwing off his blouse and slippers, and commencing to dress himself, amidst what was a puzzle to him, loud laughter, in which the police joined.

The numerous instances of mistaken identity on record are constantly receiving new additions. There is an amusing account of a French lady who was very jealous of her husband, and determined to watch his movements. On one occasion, when he told her he was going to Versailles, she followed him, keeping him in sight until she missed him in a passage leading to the railway station. Looking about her for a few minutes, she saw a man coming out of a glove shop with a rather overdressed lady. Making sure from the distance that this man was her husband, she came suddenly up, and without a word of warning gave him three or four boxes on the ear. The instant the gentleman turned round, she discovered her mistake, and at the same time caught sight of her husband, who had merely called at a tobacconist's, and was crossing the street. There was nothing for it but to faint in the arms of the gentleman whose ears she had boxed, while the other lady moved away to avoid a scene. The stranger, astonished to find an unknown lady in his arms, was further startled by a gentleman seizing him by the collar, and demanding what he meant by embracing that lady.

"Why, she boxed my ears, and then fainted," exclaimed the aggrieved gentleman.

"She is my wife," shouted the angry husband, "and would never have struck you without a cause." And worse than angry words would probably have followed had not the cause of the whole misunderstanding recovered sufficiently to explain how it all happened.

A London paper gave an account of another case of mistaken identity in connection with a distinguished personage. An aged couple in high life who were celebrating their golden wedding, by way of concluding the festivities on that occasion, adjourned with the children and their respective belongings to a theatre, in which, to accommodate so large a party, two boxes had been knocked into one. The eldest son, who strongly resembles his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, stepped forward and occupied the centre seat, with the ladies of the party beside him, upon which the orchestra struck up the national anthem, and the audience rose to their feet *en masse*, the innocently unconscious party of course doing the same themselves.

There is no doubt that people of rather unusual proportions had an awkward time of it when the Claimant was at large. A story goes that a corpulent gentleman once took a box at the Canterbury Hall. First one person, then another, eyed him, until at length the counterpart of the Claimant became the centre of observation. A cheer arose, the singing was suspended, and an ovation was the result. The supposed Sir Roger rose and bowed his acknowledgments. But this was not enough. He must speak. The manager announced that "Sir Roger" had a cold, and could not speak. Fearing the consequence if the audience discovered their mistake, he had the "Claimant" removed as quietly as possible in a cab and sent in a roundabout way to his home.

The intoxicated bricklayer who squared up to a post and maintained a one-sided fight affords an absurd illustration of mistaken identity; but if we can rely upon newspaper reports, such ludicrous incidents are surpassed by what is said to have happened in the neighborhood of Morecambe. Some time ago the body of what was supposed by the discoverer to be a human being was found lying on the beach near the place above named, having undoubtedly been left there by the receding tide. The usual preparations for holding an orthodox inquest were put in force and kept going, until the examination of a medical man proved the suspected human corpse to be but the carcass of a monkey, which had probably been thrown overboard from some ship, and which so closely resembled in appearance a human being as to require a doctor to tell the difference. Such a mistake looks either like a gross flattery upon a dead monkey, or an unconscious satire upon human nature, calculated to delight all believers in the Darwinian theory.

A not unnatural mistake was that made by the policeman who arrested a Dublin youth under what appeared to be suspicious circumstances. The young gentleman referred to was at a party in the Irish capital, and joined with great spirit in a game of forfeits. Amidst the fun and merriment, it was proposed that to regain his forfeit he should pay a visit to the turf stacks on the adjacent canal bank, and bring some turf into the room. Thinking only of the diversion that his return with an armful of turf would create, he immediately hastened to the place indicated, filled his arms, and was in the act of returning, when, to his horror, he became aware that a policeman was in pursuit. Almost paralyzed with fright, he dropped his burden, and awaited the officer's arrival.

"Oh, constable," he stammered, "I've been playing a game of forfeits, and was told to bring some turf from the canal into the house."

"Not a bad story; but you'll have to come with me," declared the constable.

There had been continued complaints of turf-pilfering, so, regardless of his protestations, the unlucky youth was locked up for the night. The first intimation his merry-making friends received of his whereabouts was when next morning they heard that he had been explaining the mistake to the presiding magistrate, who fortunately comprehended the case in a moment, and dismissed it.

A misconception as ludicrous, but in which a policeman figured less creditably than the one just referred to, took place in the Isle of Man. At a Deemster's Court in Ramsay a Jew was about to be sworn to give evidence. As Jews are always sworn on the Old Testament and not the New, the Deemster requested the constable in attendance to fetch an Old one. After a while that worthy returned, and handed to the witness an ancient-looking dilapidated book, which on being examined proved to be a New Testament. The Deemster's attention being called to it, he asked the constable why he had not brought an Old Testament, to which the innocent reply was, "Please your honor, it was the oldest one I could find."

An amusing blunder was once made by a dyer, who was given by a farmer four flannel shirts to be dyed a fast gray color; instead of which he dyed them blue. On wearing the garments, the color came out of them so that, as the farmer curiously expressed it, "he looked like a red Indian"; and as it cost him several shillings in baths to turn himself into a white man again, he sued the dyer and obtained damages.

An embarrassing incident, we are told, once happened to an Englishman in Rome. Entering one of the churches in that city as a service was going on, he sat quietly down, placing his hat on the ground beside him. Some little time passed, and as there seemed no immediate prospect of the ceremony coming to an end, he reached for his hat in order to leave, but was stopped by an unseen hand, which grasped him from behind. Thinking some custodian of the church wished him to remain till the end of the service, he again waited; but his patience becoming exhausted, he again reached for his hat, and again he was prevented from going in the same manner. Convinced that the service was some really important one, the Englishman once more delayed his departure; but at the expiration of a quarter of an hour he determined to go in spite of etiquette, so he repeated the same manœuvre in the direction of his head-covering. A third time the same hand detained him; but as he determinedly resisted its grasp, a voice behind him exclaimed, in English, "I beg your pardon, but that is my hat you are taking." Such was the fact; he had been detained all this while because each time he had reached in mistake for the hat of another stranger placed in close proximity to his own.

A mistake of an embarrassing nature made by a gentleman in London illustrates the necessity of keeping a careful record of one's engagements. On the occurrence of a "grand day" at the Middle Temple, the Masters of the Bench were uneasy at the non-appearance of one of the guests, a learned ex-judge. All had arrived but him, and the repast was ready to be served. His appearance was awaited with impatience, and after the lapse of half an hour, the limits of endurance were reached, and the dinner was served. The missing guest failed to appear. But next day it was ascertained that the learned gentleman had walked into the hall of the *Inner* Temple, and had dined with the benchers of that learned society, who had not invited him, and therefore had not made any preparation to receive him. It did not happen to be "grand day" at the Inner Temple, and the unexpected guest never discovered his mistake until he happened to innocently observe to the Treasurer, "I thought this was your grand day."

GENERAL ROBERT PATTERSON.

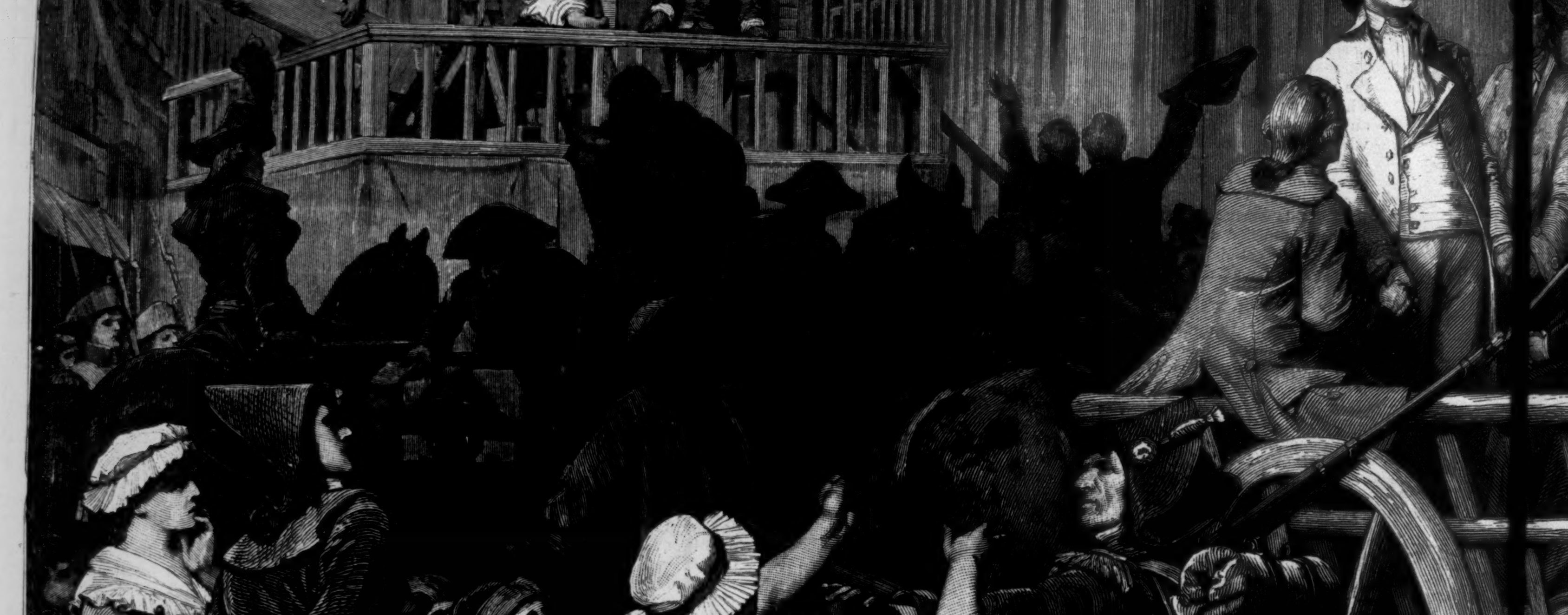
The career of General Patterson, who died on the 7th inst. at Philadelphia, in the eighty-ninth year of his age, was long and distinguished. He was born in County Tyrone, Ireland, January 12, 1792. Early in life he came to the United States, and was placed in the care of a Philadelphia merchant. He received a collegiate education, and early manifested a predilection for military life. He entered the army during the war of 1812 as a First Lieutenant of the Twenty-second Infantry. In 1813 he was transferred to the Third Infantry, and before the close of the war, in 1814, he was made a Captain.

On the conclusion of peace he returned to mercantile pursuits, but continued to take a great interest in the Pennsylvania militia, in which he became a Major-General, a rank he held for forty years. He rendered important services in preventing civil outbreaks on several occasions, notably during the "Red Row riots" (anti-negro) in 1838, and the "Native American riots" (anti-Catholic) in May and July, 1844.

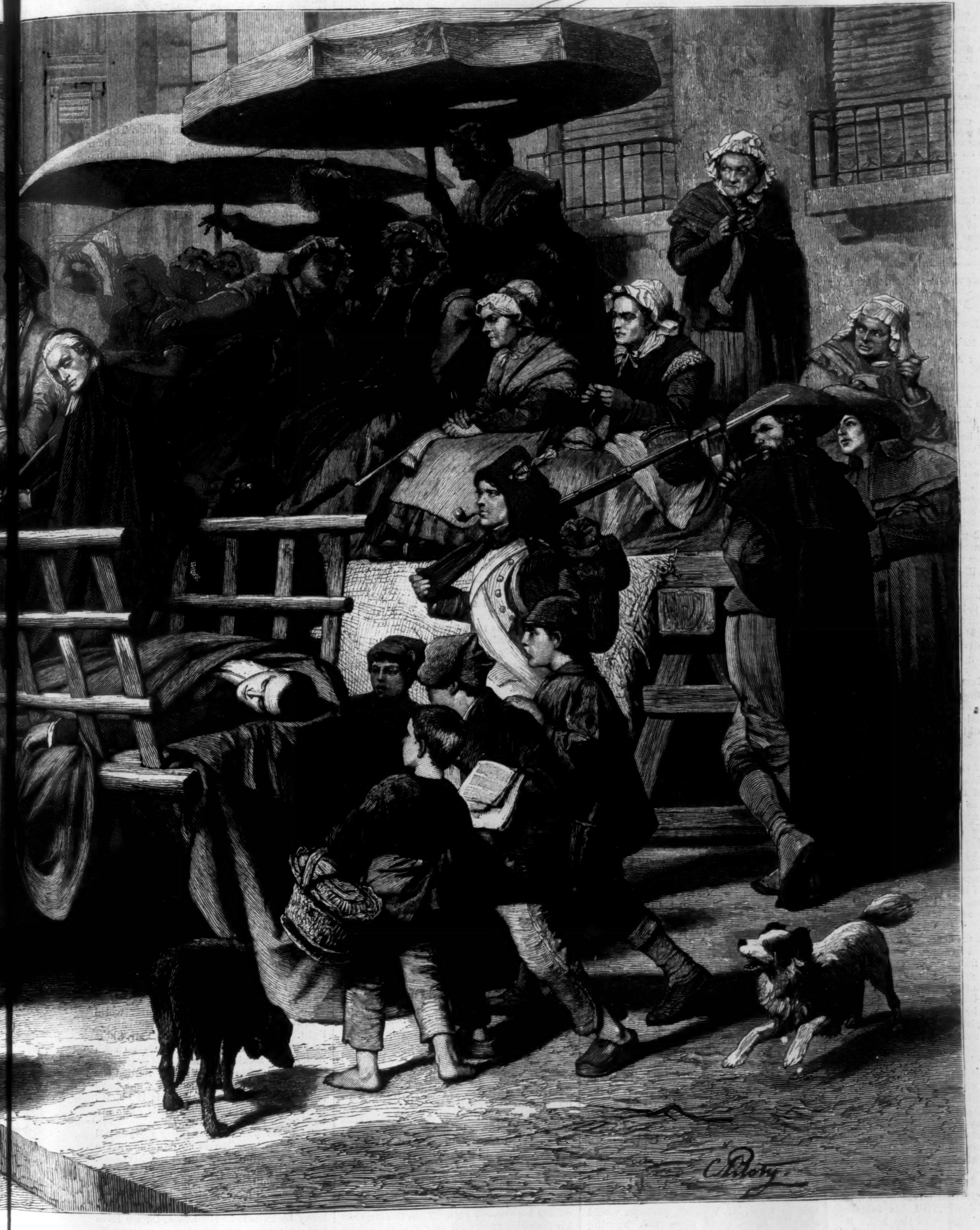
At the beginning of the Mexican war, in 1846, General Patterson was made a Major-General of Volunteers. He commanded his division at Cerro Gordo, led the cavalry and advanced brigades in pursuit, and the next morning captured Jalapa, receiving the thanks of General Scott.

When President Lincoln, on the 15th of April, 1861, called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress the Southern rebellion, one of the first to offer service was General Patterson. He was sixty-nine years old, but age had not told heavily upon him, and Governor Curtin gladly commissioned him to take command of the Pennsylvania regiments. A little later, however, the War Department secured his release from that service, and placed him over the Department of Washington, which embraced the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and the District of Columbia. When General McDowell advanced into Virginia, General Patterson was instructed to remain at Winchester to hold in check the force of General Joseph E. Johnston. Johnston, however, forced his way from in front of Patterson's forces, and arrived on the field of Bull Run July 21, in time to re-enforce Beauregard. General Patterson came in for a large share of the unfavorable criticism that followed the battle, and when the term of his command expired (July 27, 1861), he was honorably discharged from the service. Able military critics have commended his course as all that could have been demanded of a competent officer. With a close knowledge of all the facts, President Lincoln declared: "General Patterson, I have never found fault with you or censured you. I have never been able to see that you could have done anything else than you did. Your hands were tied; you obeyed orders, and did your duty, and I am satisfied with your conduct." In response to his critics, General Patterson, at the close of the war, published *A Narrative of the Campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah in* 1861.

General Patterson always enjoyed good health until within a few weeks of his death. He was a tireless worker, a very successful business man, and highly esteemed in society.



"THE GIRONDISTS."—From a Painting by C



TING BY CARL PILOTY.—[SEE PAGE [illegible]]

THE TOP BRANCHES.

A SCENE IN RICHMOND.

Coming up the pleasant Richmond streets,
Thus I heard a merry negress say:
"Whar you git dem peaches? Whar you git dem?
Dey ain't good for notting—anyway.

"'Clar to gracious! Habn't I done tole you
Dat de bestest peaches on de tree
Grows upon de bery topmost branches,
Whar de blessed sunshine dey kin see?

"Ef you wants 'em rosy-streaked and yellow,
Full ob juices to de bery stem,
Ef you wants 'em ripe, and sweet, and mellow,
Listen, boy! *You'll hab to climb fur dem!*

"Dese is hard, and green, and good fur notting.
You may eat dem all, I reckon. Stop!
Folks as will, eats from de lowest branches,
But I's bound to hab mine from de top.

"Hard to git at? Course dey's hard to git at.
Folks don't find good peaches on de street.
Ef dey wants to eat dem rosy peaches,
Dey mus' climb fur dem, wid hands and feet."

Then she went away, with scornful laughter,
And I read her lesson easily:
Things worth striving for are, like the peaches,
On the topmost branches of the tree.

Hard to get at, but well worth the winning.
Oh, the peaches in the sunshine blowing!
Up, brave heart, leave thou the lower branches;
Pluck the fruit upon the tree-top growing.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(*Continued.*)

JACK-O'-LANTERN.

At last, when he was almost beginning to weary of the shivering solitude, a faint light twinkled far away, and then disappeared, and then shone clearer, down the valley toward the right. Then it began to rise and fall, and stop sometimes, and even vanish, as something intercepted it; but upon the whole it was coming nearer, like the light of a vessel beating up toward the bar. Although the weather and the time of year were suitable for that phosphoric proceeding known as will-o'-the-wisp in the north, and jack-o'-lantern in the south of England, the parson, without thinking twice, was sure that he had no pale spectre of that sort before him. In that particular seam of hill up which the light was advancing there was no morass, nor even peaty quagmire, but a little rill running down a narrow bed of rockscoop, scarcely so wide as a mangle, and tufts of gorse interlaid with short sweet grass—shelter, meat, and drink, and music, for the serious-minded sheep. "Ah, he knows what good mutton is; and perhaps that is why he did not eat mine. Mother Aggett will so overflour it."

With these reflections, ill suited, perhaps, to the gravity of the moment, the Vicar of Christowell made some steps toward a clearer knowledge of the case before him. He knew that he was going to a perilous encounter with a man as superior to himself in size, as inferior, alas, in principle. But he relied upon the justice of his cause—as everybody does who ever goes to war; and although his grandfather's clock was gone, he had serious hopes of getting back some rusty remnant of his other household gods. But just as he was setting forth, a squeaky little voice came after him, and a little figure followed it. "Oh, do 'e let me coom, passon; do 'e let me coom 'long of 'e."

"I am surprised to see you here, when all good boys are fast asleep. Go back, Joe Sage, to your grandfather." Mr. Short spoke crossly, for he warmly "undesired"—as the Western improvers of our language put it—to have his little expedition talked of all over Christowell to-morrow. "Go you to bed," he said, "and tuck your little toes up."

"Grandfather be aveared of pixies, sir," said the boy, still holding on to him; "but I been to schule outside of your parish, and I ain't got no faith in none on 'em."

"Then go back, you unhappy little skeptic," the vicar answered, without applause; for he knew what comes of that warty state of mind which crop-up lads get into. "The birch is the right thing for you to believe in."

Little Joe Sage was discouraged by this view of his intellectual advancement, and he went back slowly, till his footsteps dropped into the silence of the hill. But then he turned, and listened, and pursued the vicar at safe distance, and with frequent palpitations of his small but not ignoble heart.

Feeling his way down the steep with his stick, and watching the movements of that light, the wary parson kept on steadily until he came to a furzy bottom, where a small brook tinkled through. Here were many little windings, such as water brings to pass, and juts of sudden turn, and even a breadth or two of flat land among the furze. It was much too dark to make out all that; but according to the general manner of the moor there would be short sweet pasture here, and gentle slopes to lie down upon, and herbs that improve both the flavor and texture of a conscientious mutton.

The Dartmoor sheep is a thoughtful fellow, who knows what a greedy world it is, and therefore sleeps with one eye open. As Mr. Short came down this hollow, two or three woolly forms rushed by him—elder members of the flock, who had taken the alarm, and made off betimes. But whether from selfishness, or no worse than sleepy lapse of duty, they failed to raise the warning "baa," that should have stirred up their relatives.

"That fellow can't be far off now, and of course he will conceal his light; my best plan will be to get behind this ridge, and watch what he is up to." With these reflections Mr. Short slipped quietly into some broken ground, commanding a little strip of pasture, hedged with bushes and granite slabs. Here were at least a score of sheep, and the air was thick with their oily smell. By the aid of a feeble glance of light, partly from a lifting cloud, and partly from the water, and white gravel beside it, the watcher could make out their position, and could guess at their different attitudes. Some were already afoot, and listening with short ears pricked, and long bald noses pointed up to catch the air; some were half rising, with their weight thrown forward, and hind-feet scratching on the ground for leverage; while others, of the fatter order, still lay grunting, well aware that something was being talked about, but convinced that it was nothing but a pack of stuff.

Among these last was a very worthy wether, an excellent animal in truly prime condition, with a specialty of mind which had enabled him to fatten in the right style, and must add superior relish to his body. Confident in his own integrity and fitness to survive all other sheep—though a butcher might have taken it for fitness to be killed—this sheep declined all participation in the low misgivings of the leaner lot. For fat, when laid on in the proper places, enlarges, enriches, and ennobles the mind, as every one acknowledges who has grown fat. But this sheep had little time for more self-gratulation. For suddenly a long dark form was upon him. He found himself grasped by the back of the neck, and raising his head to remonstrate, lost all further knowledge of existence. There was nothing of him left but wool and mutton; and a long carving-knife was stuck into the grass, among the last marks of his pretty nibbling teeth. "Rare bit of stuff that parson's knife is! The only prize he ever got at Oxford, I'll be bound. And no doubt he stole that from the buttery."

Mr. Short, as he heard that most untrue description of his university career (which had been good), found it very difficult to hold his peace. But keenly apprehensive of the *suo sibi cultro*, he kept his head down, and labored not to grind his teeth. For he knew that if he did prevail against this Ajax, it must be by the tactics of Ulysses. There stood the slayer—as the grand speech has it—but there was not a symptom of remorse as yet, and to-morrow's sun might announce to Mrs. Aggett the decease of the wrong man, the one who paid regularly eightpence halfpenny a pound for all his mutton. "I will stick here, instead of being stuck," thought Mr. Short, with that brevity which made his sermons so delightful.

The skillful slayer took his time as well. He had once been famed for hospitality; and the desertion of his friends, which ensued upon his trouble, though it might have blunted, had not wholly soured, a nature capable of good. And, in fact, he was making preparations now for a dinner party, upon a good scale, to a highly select list of rogues at the "Raven." One or two of these had expressed some doubt concerning the quality of Dartmoor mutton, because they had only had it as supplied by contract at the charges of the British prison-rate payer. And undoubted as their right was to good things in jail (when restricted of their right to steal them), not one of them had sat down to a good juicy leg, till they came to believe that there was no such thing. This was enough to make any man labor, when he had nothing else to do, to establish his opinion by some very careful work. Without this in view, Mr. Wenlow, perhaps, would scarcely have come upon this hunting ground again, and at night, when a sheep might be shot any day, or at any time of night, with comfort. But it was his business to regard things now; and whatever faults there might be in his constitution, it was good of him thus to desire to impart the results of his long experience in mutton. However, this virtuous weakness led, as it too often does, to calamity.

It was a time of year when meat must not be thumped about, or used as a weight to be "putted," or a hammer to make holes in its dear brother joints, as railway porters treat it now. Mr. Wenlow, understanding this, proceeded with hospitable care to sling his good animal upon his back, so that the prime parts might ride well. With the aid of his lantern, which had been left in brief eclipse, he nicely corded the cold hind-feet together, then carefully wiped his knife, and thrust it into a sheath at his left side. Then, after blowing out his candle and concealing it, with a trifle of a groan he shouldered this fine weight of mutton, and found that he could manage it. Not that he meant to go all the way home with it—for, strong as he was, that would have tried him—but only to get to a cool, dry place, where his prize might be stored for future operations. "I ought to have him now," thought Mr. Short. "I will let him get tired, and then tackle him."

The sheep-slayer, under his burden, walked with a long heavy stride, which prevented him from hearing any light sound of pursuit. So that, although the night was very dark and still, the parson could keep him pretty well in view, with the help of the white body hanging on his back. And it was not likely that a man with such a load would depart from the downward track if he could help it. For the ground was uneven, though not bowldery nor morassy, and a strong man had as much as he could do to get along with a weight like a bag of potatoes to stoop to, and small opportunity of picking every step. And, sure enough, before very long this began to come hard upon the wind of Mr. Wenlow. Mr. Short heard him begin to pant a little; and then he could see that the sheep upon his back was swagging about, as if its death had been a dream, and it were trying to get up to graze again.

"Now I will have him as he had Mother Aggett, and cord him fast to his own dinner." Meditating thus, and with presence of mind in every quick joint of his body, the Vicar of Christowell, who was a wonderful hand at knotty subjects, came swiftly behind the sheep-felon, and flung a running noose of well-soaped round leather (formerly the rein of Trumpeter) over his head and down his arms, and then tightened, and turned it on the backbone of the sheep. "Halloa!" cried Mr. Wenlow, and "Halloa!" replied Mr. Short, but paused for no further conversation. In a second he had hitched his running rein, and passed the silk rope of his curtains round the knees of the man who had invaded his domestic life, and knotted it strictly in that crampy portion of the human system. Down went Wenlow, with his foul deed on his back, and fouler words issuing vainly from his mouth, which was stopped by the soft obstruction of a clump of moss of the *Sphagnum* order.

"To swear is as futile as it is wrong," the parson remarked, while he tightened up his knots, and proceeded to add to the embarrassment of his prisoner by buckling some straps around him. "My friend, you are captured, and your wisest course is to reconcile yourself to the situation. I don't want to hurt you more than I can help. There, now you may be quite comfortable."

"I am chok—chok—choking," the other gasped from out the moss. "If you don't want to kill me on the spot, take that —— sheep off my neck."

"By no means, my friend. You put him there yourself, and it is not fair to blame him. However, hold up your nose a moment, and I will give you more room to breathe." With these words the parson drew forth his own knife from the sheath at the side of the robber, and smiling at the oddness of the situation, mowed the moss around his prisoner's face, who moved nervously about from this novel mode of shaving. "My hand is very steady; keep quite still. There, now, you will do nicely," continued the vicar, "and can safely express any gratitude you feel."

"I don't feel much," replied Mr. Wenlow.

"From long experience I never expect much," the other answered, pleasantly. "But how long can you stay here without inconvenience?"

"Either murder me at once, or take that weight off me."

The prisoner uttered this with such a painful groan that Mr. Short was really afraid to leave him so while he went for the needful help to deliver him to justice. Humanely, but unwisely, he relieved him of that burden, while taking good care not to release his arms or legs. Then feeling that his fastenings were all secure, and knotted out of reach of any twisting power, the parson sat down to recover his breath (for he had been working nimbly), as well as to consider how to carry on his work. It had been a very hard job to catch this fellow, and now it seemed a harder one to dispose of him when caught. Here he was, at midnight, many miles away from any inhabited house that he knew of; and though the tall man could have carried him with ease, it was out of his power to carry the tall man. If he could have set him up, to begin with, his head would have come down over like a gargoyle, while his heels dragged on the ground like the hoppers of a seed-drill. Meditating thus, Mr. Short, with joy, heard a squeaky little voice, and beheld Joe Sage. "You are a brave boy," he said; "and here is a brave job for you." Then giving him careful directions, and promise of a crown-piece, if he deserved it, the vicar set off for a long trudge across the moor.

CHAPTER XXIX.

FAST BIND, FAST FIND.

Mr. Arthur and his guest, Mr. Tucker, sat up that night far beyond the usual hour of bed-time at Lark's cot. When a man begins to tell the story of his life, however concise he may attempt to be, he is pretty sure to wander into many side issues, and get entangled among incidents that require explanation. The timber-merchant, though accustomed to an early pillow, listened with scarcely a yawn to the long and rather strange narrative of his host, and made him repeat some parts to be sure of them, so much at variance did they seem with the ordinary course of human nature.

"Whether you be right, sir, or whether you be wrong, is not for me to judge," he replied at last; "all dependeth on the thing that should be uppermost when two big principles run counter to each other. But whether you be right, sir, or whether you be wrong, there is not a man in fifty thousand would have done as you have done."

"I have not been free from doubts myself," his host acknowledged, with a weary sigh; "and that has made it so much harder for me. But now, knowing everything, will you tell me what you believe to be my first duty?"

"Give me the night, sir, to think it all over; though I don't see how there can be much doubt about it. But I never heard tell of such affairs before, and things might come across me, like enough, in the night season; and the head is always clearer in the morning." The thing that was coming across the old man was sleep, heavy sleep; for he had walked far that day, and the change to the Dartmoor air was lulling.

"It is too bad of me to keep you up so late," Mr. Arthur said, as he looked at his watch. "Good-night, my friend, and no dreams of battle. What a poor life it is to dream of!"

After shaking that honest old hand right heartily, the Captain sat down to compose his mind, which was stirred with the many-pronged fork of memory. It was not to please himself that he had told his tale, but partly that he might not appear mysterious or churlish to a trusty friend, and partly because he did really desire advice in the present seesaw of his fortunes. A strong man scarcely ever takes advice, except in professional questions or the like; still, he may be glad sometimes to have it, and consider it, even as he would contemplate a pill.

While Mr. Arthur was meditating thus in the flatness that follows excitement, he heard something soft strike the window behind him, which he had just closed for the night. At first he took it for the flip of a bat, or perhaps of a Sphinx-moth, attracted by his light; but when it came again, he went and opened out the lattice, and there he saw a rose-bud upon the sill outside.

"Come down softly," said a voice, which he knew well, though forgetting for a moment whose it was; "I want to speak to you without disturbing any one."

Mr. Short made certain that he must be known; but his friend, with a mind intent upon its own affairs, took a big stick before he opened his door; for the outer world was very dark to eyes contracted by candle-light. "Don't knock me down," Mr. Short said, gently; "I am not a thief—no such luck—only a thief-catcher."

"Set a thief to catch a thief," replied the good man of the house; "but what have you done with him, and what is it about? Come in, and tell me all about it. You are tired; you want something."

"I never wanted something more in all my life. Starvation is staring me in the face; and dark as it is, I don't like her looks. I feel as if I could crunch a bone, after Nous had polished it."

"You shall have as nice a bit of cold salt round as ever came from Moreton. I was lucky to have it in the house, for we have had an unexpected friend to-day. But he is gone to bed. Is your thief fastened up?"

"I defy him to get away," replied the hungry vicar; "and even if he does, it is better than to sacrifice a life so valuable as mine. I spent all my dinner-time in making springles, and my poor inside has springled me."

"We will soon cure that," said Mr. Arthur. "Come into the kitchen. It is the best harbor in a storm of that sort. There, now, you can talk while I fetch the victuals."

"Erroneous man, you put the cart before the horse. I will talk by-and-by. For the present, let me feed. Sweet are the uses of adversity. The next fellow I see with an empty stomach shall walk into my larder. Ha, what a draught of ale! Now for the loaf! You might cut that meat a trifle thicker. Shaving is a waste of time. I can't stop to say, 'thank you.' You will perceive my gratitude in my proceedings. Three more slices; never mind about the mustard. I never tasted anything so delicious in my life. What a piece of luck that I saw your candle!"

"And a piece of luck for me," said the hospitable Captain. "I was going to bed, perhaps a little in the dumps. I will take a glass of ale myself, and then I am at your service, if there is anything to do."

"There is a lot to do; but I can not bear to take you from your home at this time of night. It is simply this—that I have caught, and strapped, and left in the depths of the moor that fellow who robbed my house, and corded Mrs. Aggett, and stole my grandfather's famous watch. But I don't know how to bring him down. Like all good-for-nothings, he weighs heavy."

There may have been some jealousy in this remark; but the Captain was thinking of more urgent matters. "How many miles do you think it is? And how long is it safe to leave him? You make a point of having him, I suppose?"

"I should think I did. About six miles, I should say. But the moor scatters all one's ideas of distance."

"Very well. Then rest yourself for half an hour. It will be no loss of time, because the moon will be rising, and then we shall be able to go twice as fast. Meanwhile I will get ready my *feretrum*."

"My very kind friend," said Mr. Short, as he gladly took the offered pipe, and put up his legs to rest a little, "you often use Latin words rather aptly. Among your other innumerable gifts, that one especially surprises me. For a man who has knocked about much in the world forgets straightway every syllable of Latin, except the examples in his grammar."

"But suppose that I was brought up for the Church? Is not the first of all needs, for holy orders, a lively acquaintance with dead languages?"

"My object is to smoke my pipe in peace. Go you, and get your stretcher ready."

"Upon my word, I believe he was intended for a parson," thought the weary vicar as he worked his pipe; "and a very good parson has been lost to the world by some sad mishap, not impossibly a pluck. But they never used to pluck men, in the good old times, half as pluckily as they do now. And the man has brains enough for anything; but for his extraordinary crotchet of manuring the ground with them. However, he is a noble-hearted fellow. Here's to his health, and the increase of such!"

"Now you can see what a simple thing this is," said his host, returning from the darkness of the door. "I ought to have a patent for it; but—but I don't care. It has cost me a good deal of thought, I can assure you, though you may see nothing worth thinking about. It has these four legs, so that you can rest it. And you fold it up like this; and the legs fold too; and it rides upon your back as easy as an artist's easel. We have often had 3 cwt. of pot-vines upon it. And here, in case of heavy weight, we have side braces. You take them, and I will carry it; in about two minutes we will set forth. But I must leave a note for my dear Rosie. She will be about long before we can return; or at any rate, she may be, if anything delays us."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CHAT ABOUT CATS.

CATS, savage and intractable as they are accounted, are nevertheless of that genus under which are also classed the docile and affectionate dog, the drowsy phoca, and the innocuous naoli. But there is no denying that, like men, they are carnivorous and predatory animals, gregarious, sometimes deceitful, and not always grateful. Other characteristics will be better elucidated by what Wilson says in his *Zoology* respecting "Animals of the Cat Kind" than by the same information conveyed in language of their own.

"They are, in a state of nature, almost continually in action both by night and day; they either walk, creep, or advance rapidly by prodigious bounds; but they seldom run, owing, it is said, to the extreme flexibility of their limbs and vertebral column, which can not preserve the rigidity necessary to that species of movement. Their sense of sight, especially during twilight, is acute, their hearing very perfect, and their perception of smell less than that in the dog tribe."

The domestic cat, however, we may observe, is peculiarly sensitive to disagreeable smells, which it abhors; but appears to admire many species of perfume, and, among others, valerian and catmint. Mrs. Bowditch narrates of a young tiger with which she was, during a voyage, on friendly terms, that he was madly fond of the lavender-water which perfumed her handkerchief.

"Their most obtuse sense," continues the writer before quoted, "is that of taste." And yet we might, as far as regards the cat, almost definitely pronounce that it was discriminative even to nicety. Cats readily distinguish between different kinds of food; if constantly fed upon superior and lean meat, they will reject the inferior and the fat, nay, even refuse the mice they kill, and a "dainty cat" is frequently a sad torment to a good housewife. We have seen a cat devouring *raisins* with uncommon gusto; flies, of which they appear fond, are said to impoverish their blood, and render them thin; and rats are little better than poison.

"The tongue of these animals," continues Wilson, still speaking generally of the feline race, "is as much an organ of mastication as of taste, its sharp and horny points, inclined backward, being used for tearing away the tender parts of the animals on which they prey. The perception of touch is said to reside very delicately in the small bulbs at the base of the mustaches." *En passant*, we may remark, so prevailing is the idea that in the domestic cat the olfactory nerves are situated rather in the whiskers of the animal than in its nostrils, that the vulgar call them smellers. A most singular fact respecting the entire failure in the sense of hearing in certain cats is related in Loudon's *Magazine of Natural History*. It appears that white cats of the Persian breed, especially those with blue eyes, are invariably deaf; and the Rev. Mr. Bree speaks of one kept in his own family for years, a great favorite, which was not only as perfectly deaf as she was white, but that each of her kittens (of various litters) which resembled her in color was invariably deaf; while such as had the least spot of any other color on their coats possessed perfectly the faculty of hearing.

Cats possess, in an eminent degree, the qualities of vigilance, patience, obedience, gentleness, and maternal affection; nor must we omit to notice the grateful sense they seem to entertain of kindness conferred, which is manifested by continued sonorous purring, sundry rubbings and rollings, licking of the hands extended to caress them, and a gentle undulatory motion of the tail. We have seen the most winning and inimitable little arts employed by these sagacious creatures to gain and assure human affection, and on the countenances of a few favored ones have observed an expression of gladness and gratitude not to be mistaken. Several instances are on record of the strong attachment of cats to persons, although it must be confessed that, like certain animals of the order *mammalia*, who shall be otherwise anonymous, their *penchant* is far more decided for places.

Cats were by the Egyptians considered as an emblem of the moon, and placed upon their systrum—an instrument of religious worship and divination. To slay any of these animals was death by law, and the Roman soldier who killed one ignorantly and unawares was torn to pieces by the enraged people in the streets. When a cat died, the whole family mourned as for a father, even to the shaving off of hair, eyebrows, beard, and whiskers; it was carried into a consecrated house, embalmed in salt, spices, and fine linen, and interred with religious rites at Bulastis, a considerable city of Lower Egypt, being placed in a sepulchre (query—*cat*-a-comb?) near the altar of the principal temple. Cambyses conquered Thebes by placing in front of the Persian army a *corps of cats*, with other animals venerated by the Egyptians, and not daring to advance to the combat, the Theban garrison fell, as the wily invader had anticipated, an unresisting prey to his stratagem.

But cats are treated at the present day with much care and kindness in Egypt on account of their serviceable qualities. The Mohammedans have an extraordinary veneration for them. Baumgarten saw at Damascus a hospital for cats, which was a large building, walled round, and said to be full of these animals. He was informed that that singular institution originated in the circumstance of Mohammed, who once resided at Damascus, having brought with him a cat, which he kept carefully in the sleeve of his gown, and fed with his own hands; therefore his followers in that city had ever since paid a superstitious veneration to cats, and supported them by public alms, which were found fully adequate to the purpose.

The value of these useful animals has in all countries been regulated by their scarcity, and the story of Whittington has actually its counterpart in history. Sir W. Gore Ouseley quotes from a Persian manuscript the history of Keish, son of a poor widow of Siraf, who, taking his sole property, a cat, with him on board ship, was rewarded for the venture by making his fortune on an island overrun with vermin, where such an animal was a desideratum, and, after this youth, the island was called Kush, or Kleisk. Southey relates in his *History of the Brazils* that the first couple of cats that were carried to Cuyaba sold for a pound weight of gold. There was a plague of rats and mice in the settlement, and the cats were purchased as a speculation, which proved an excellent one. Their first kittens were sold for thirty *oilavas* each, the next generation brought twenty, and the price gradually fell as the inhabitants became stocked with these beautiful and useful creatures.

Montenegro presented to the elder Almagro the first cat which was brought to South America, and was rewarded for bringing it with six hundred pesos.

In England cats are supposed to have been known at a very early period; they are not aboriginal, but probably first introduced by merchants from Cyprus, who traded with the Britons for furs. Nevertheless they were either difficult to naturalize, or, notwithstanding their prolific nature, extremely scarce; for in the tenth century, among the laws enacted by Hoel Dda, or Howel the Good, Prince of Wales, for preserving and fixing the prices of various animals, the cat was thus introduced: "The price of a kitten before it could see was one penny, twopence until proof could be given of its having caught a mouse, after which fourpence"—a great sum in those days when the value of specie was so high. The animal was required to be perfect in its senses of seeing and hearing, to have its claws whole, to be a good mouser, and, if a female, a careful nurse. If it failed in any of these qualifications, the seller was to forfeit a fourth part of its value to the buyer. Should any one steal or kill the cat that guarded the prince's granary, the offender was to forfeit either a milch ewe, her fleece and lamb, or as much wheat as, when poured on the cat suspended by its tail with its head touching the floor, would form a heap sufficient to cover the tip of the tail.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

THERE has been a grand drummers' and fifers' tournament in Springfield, Massachusetts, in which nearly all of the famous drum corps of New England took part. This form of music without harmony is thought much of in that part of the country, and the Ancient and Honorable Artillery of Boston would scarcely claim to be so ancient or so honorable were it not for the veteran Dan Simpson, who is ninety years old, and has drummed at sixty annual parades of the Ancients and Honorables. He and Si Smith, that company's fifer, are immortalized in the painting "Yankee Doodle." It is said that an enthusiastic Bostonian bequeathed his skin for a drum-head on which Simpson should play every Independence-day morning, but that this provision of the will was not carried out.

To-co-be, the chief of the Shoshone Indians, would astonish his ancestors if they could see him driving his handsome span of trotters before a glistening carriage, his pockets stuffed out with profitable mining shares. Besides being largely interested in mines, he is an extensive breeder of cattle.

It is said that the valedictorian of the recently graduated class at Yale College was a Hebrew, the salutatorian a German, and the prize speaker a Chinaman, but that the pitcher of the base-ball nine—who could deliver a curving ball with masterly precision—was born and reared under the glorious Stars and Stripes.

On second thought, Guiteau does not want to be released under bail. He overrates himself. Nobody would molest him, and his solitude at large would be deeper than it is in prison.

Southern editors are generous in the matter of compliments when one of their number deals acceptably with a subject in which they are all interested. Thus one of them says of the Hon. Henry Watterson's recent article on the situation in whiskey: "He spells it with an 'e,' and handles the whole subject in a brilliant manner."

There is an Indian in Nevada named Flush Royal, and the mining men are forever getting his name transposed.

A hotel-keeper at Cape May thought to exclude dogs by announcing that they would be charged at the rate of ten dollars a week for board and shelter. But the host reckoned without his guests, and three Skye terriers, two lap-dogs, and one pug were registered at the hotel at one time.

It is said that insurance policies amounting to nearly a hundred thousand dollars were held by several persons on the life of Samuel Spicer, who recently died a pauper in the York County (Pennsylvania) Almshouse. His death is one of the first among those who have been insured as a speculation under the "death-bed insurance" mania that has of late broken out in parts of that State. The end of this system must be like that of the famous women's savings-bank in Boston. The promoters of these enterprises may succeed in collecting enough money on premiums to pay the policies that fall due, while sufficient is in course of accumulation to leave the managers a handsome profit, after paying the expenses of the litigation, to establish that the premium-payers have parted with their money as the fool does.

A young man from Boston, whose proficiency in the New England game of "old maid" gave him the reputation of being a gambler, eloped with the belle of Falling Springs, West Virginia. While the father of the young woman was in pursuit his horse fell, and the angry parent suffered a broken leg. The considerate young man tenderly assisted him back to his home, and, while nursing him, he was able to procure and present proofs that he belonged to a respectable and wealthy family. The father attended the wedding on crutches.

During the week of excessive heat in New York, early in August, there was cool weather in North Carolina, and on one night there was frost.

Nearly six pounds of rind and seeds have to be bought with a twelve-pound water-melon, and the great West demands an improved soft-shelled melon, with the seeds on a separate vine.

Wearing trousers of half-civilized make, a fine linen shirt, and a woman's gutta-percha bracelet on his left wrist, and looking through enormous goggles of smoked glass, Sitting Bull has been holding receptions in the West. The economy which is evinced by his dress is also exemplified in the names of his offspring, two of whom, being twins, have only one name between them. Their name is The-War-Is-Over, though it is not explained how they came by the telegraph-wire earrings which were a part of their adornment.

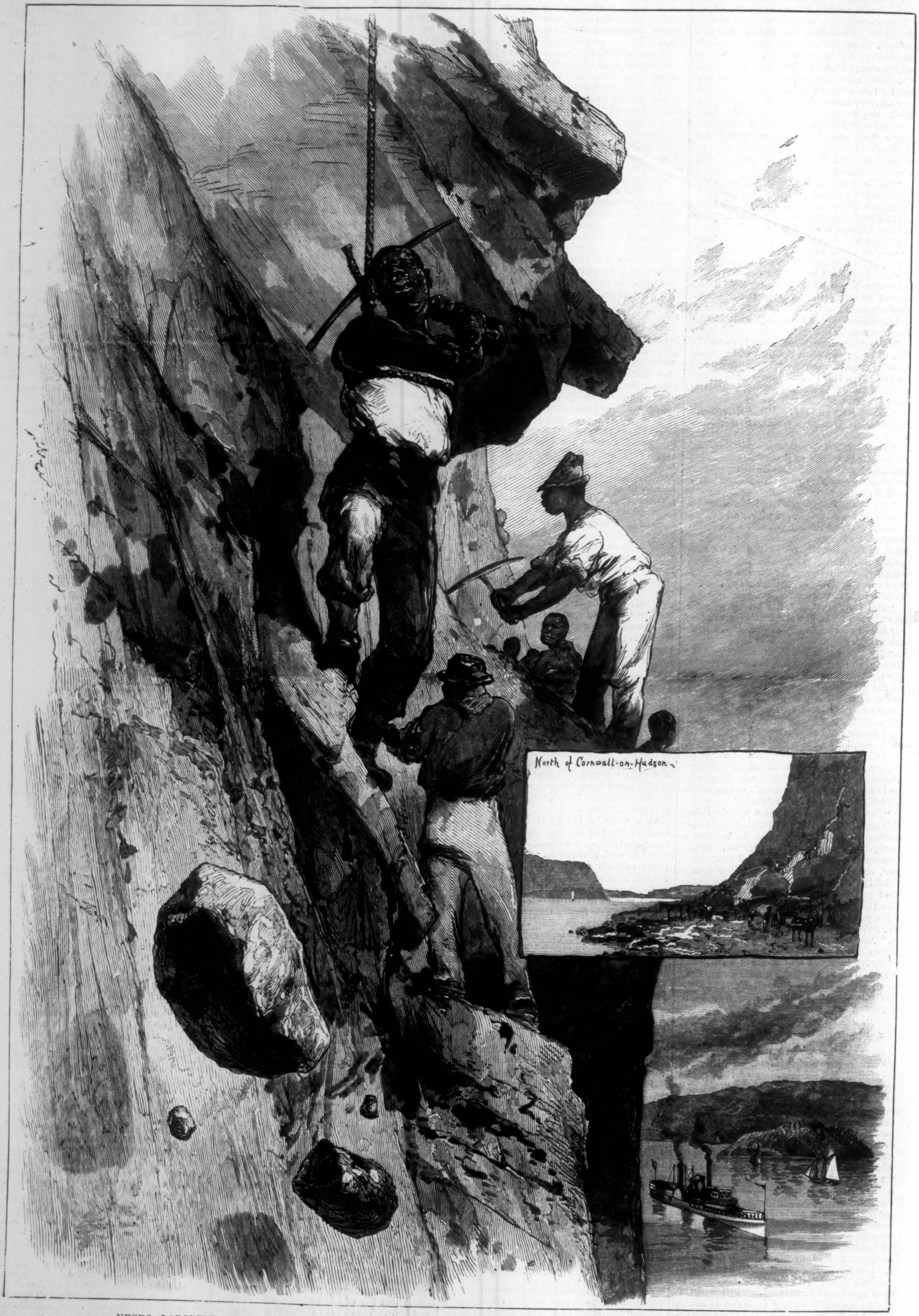
Notwithstanding what has been written in English and French books of American travel, New York city is at a considerable distance from the forests in which wild beasts are hunted by men, and sometimes succeed in reversing the situation. But in the wilderness of water that joins the city on nearly every side are man-eating monsters which of late have been coming up to the piers, and gnashing their teeth at the populace. To venture among them might be as perilous as to go unarmed into an Eastern jungle; yet small boys sit on beer-kegs along the docks, and anxiously angle for them. Several sharks have thus been hooked, and hauled to dry land through the aid of robust butchers from the stalls near by, and their captors have made large profits by putting small tents over them and charging admittance fees. It has been a feature of the season's catch that each shark captured has turned out to be a man-eater of more conspicuous characteristics and of greater voracity than any of the others—if the averments of its captor have been trustworthy.

The subject of food adulteration has thus been summed up by Alphonse Carr: "If I poison my grocer, I shall be sent to the penitentiary; but if he poisons me, he gets off with ten dollars' fine."

Clerks and officials in the main office of the Texas Central Railroad Company are taught Spanish every afternoon by an instructor paid by the company.

Canada is accused of the not strictly conscientious acquirement of many United States mail-bags. It is said that about nine-tenths of the mail-pouches in use in the Dominion belong to this country. An answer to this accusation is made by the Canada press, to the effect that since the quantity of mail sent from this side to Canada is much greater than that sent to this country in Canadian pouches, the balance would naturally be largely in the Dominion's favor. It is also strongly hinted in Canada that the drifting of mail-bags across the boundary was permitted in the interests of contractors who supply our government with those articles.

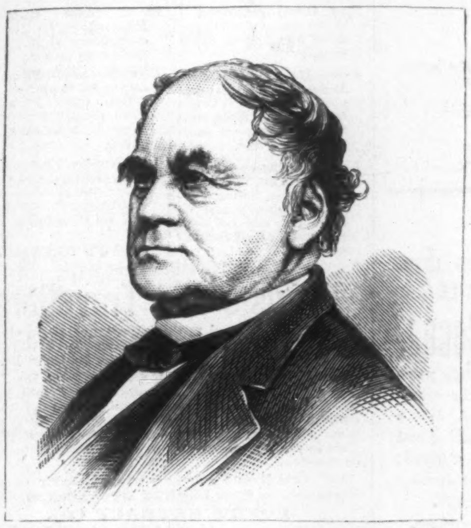
It would be interesting to know whether the fact of a person's being a good swimmer lessens his or her chances of drowning. It undoubtedly decreases the chances in favor of the drowning of others who may be around him; for a person who can swim is much more easily and safely assisted than one who can not if distress come to him in the water; and in cases where good swimmers are drowned while by themselves, they are often so far from shore that the lives of others are not imperiled by going to their rescue. But no person is absolutely safe when swimming beyond his depth, unaided by support sufficient to float him under all circumstances, and the risks taken by those who have confidence in their swimming powers are perhaps equal to those involuntarily encountered by those who can not swim. Excepting those who are drowned in consequence of the sinking or upsetting of vessels, and the falling of bridges or docks, the majority of the persons drowned are good swimmers. In nearly all of the cases of drowning while bathing reported in the newspapers, the victims are experienced swimmers. But these considerations should not deter any one from learning to swim. He may be as cautious as though he could not swim, and yet enjoy delightful recreation, of which the person who does not swim can know nothing. And under conditions in which a person unable to swim would have few chances of being rescued, he would have many chances of escaping with his life. Besides, the superiority for the moment of the men and women who can swim at our sea-side watering-places over those who are doomed to cling to the ropes, and hop up and down with wild yells in the gruel of sand and brine, is sufficient to counterbalance the risks taken by the admired and envied swimmers.


North of Cornwall-on-Hudson.

NEGRO LABORERS AT WORK UNDER THE "STORM KING," HUDSON RIVER.—Drawn by John Alexander.—[See Page 574.]

MATTHEW VASSAR.

Matthew Vassar, nephew of the founder of Vassar College, and treasurer of that institution since its foundation, died on the 10th inst., at Poughkeepsie, New York, aged seventy-two years. Mr. Vassar was born in the old Van Kleeck house, in the city where he died, in 1809. His father was John Guy Vassar, partner as well as brother of the late Matthew Vassar, and his mother was a daughter of Baltus Van Kleeck. His father lost his life, when Matthew was quite young, in attempting to save that of an employé in the brewery who had fallen into a vat. Matthew's education was obtained at the Lancaster School, Poughkeepsie, which stood where the Church Street Public School now stands. In 1826 he entered the employ of his uncle; and six years later, when his brother, John G. Vassar, became of age, both were made partners in the firm of M. Vassar & Co., and continued as such until 1863, when they sold out and retired from business. He married in 1833 Miss Mary Parker, a sister of John G. Parker, of Poughkeepsie. She died in 1851. In 1870 he married Miss Irene Beach, who survives him. He had no children, and, except his brother, leaves no very near relatives.

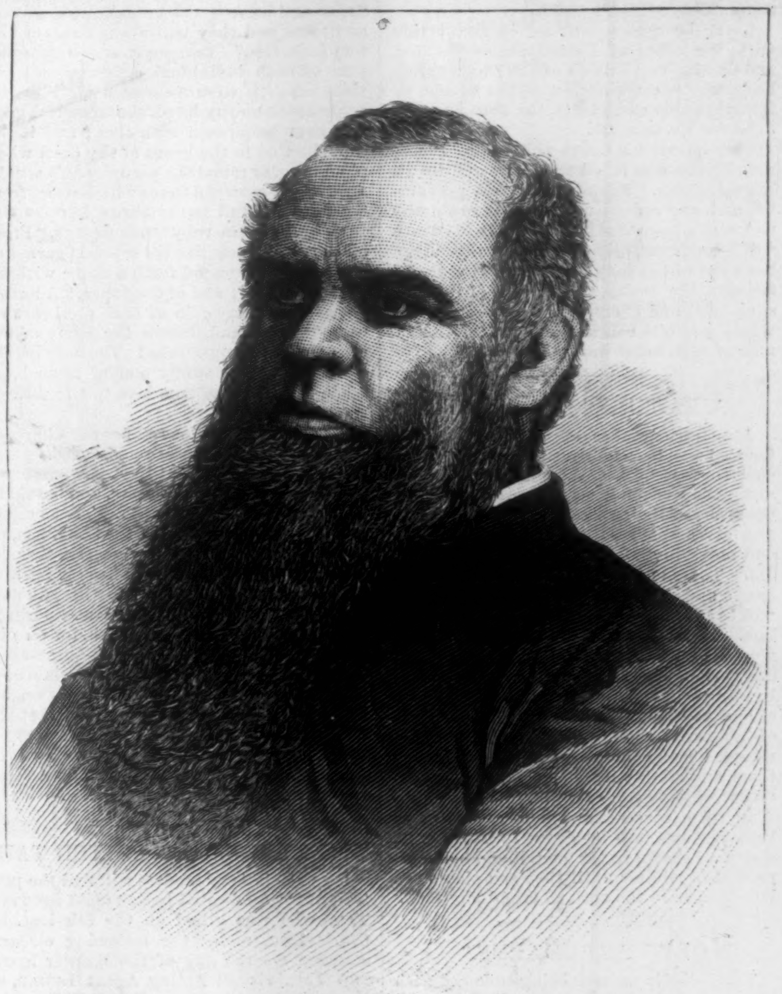

THE LATE MATTHEW VASSAR.

Mr. Vassar held but two public offices in the course of his life—as trustee of the village of Poughkeepsie, and member of the Board of Education. He acted as treasurer of Vassar College without salary. He was an exceedingly cautious and sagacious financier, and accumulated a large fortune, which in his later years he made use of in works of benevolence. He was a friend and patron of the Old Ladies' Home in Poughkeepsie, and subscribed liberally to the erection of the new Baptist church, afterward giving $5000 to pay off its debt. Two years ago the trustees of Vassar College desired to erect a new laboratory for the department of chemistry and physics. Mr. Vassar forcibly opposed the proposition to go in debt for a part of the cost, and declared that if his brother would join him in it, they would pay for the whole. Accordingly the laboratory was built and equipped, and is one of the most complete in this country. In like manner the two brothers erected and endowed the Home for Aged Men, which is one of the most striking and elegant of the buildings for public purposes in Poughkeepsie.

Previous to his death Mr. Vassar had purchased the site and perfected the plans for the building of the Vassar Brothers' Institute in his native city, which is to provide a building for scientific, literary, and artistic purposes. It is believed that such provision is made that all his purposes with reference to it will be carried out, and the institute will be completed as a monument to his memory.

THE LATE HON. JOHN J. BAGLEY.

Ex-Governor John J. Bagley, of Michigan, who died in San Francisco on the 27th of July, was born at Medina, Orleans County, New York, July 24, 1832. Till he was thirteen he attended school at Lockport, when his father removed to Constantine, Michigan. Here and at Owasso he worked on a farm and as clerk in a store. At fifteen he began life on his own account by coming to Detroit, where he found employment in a tobacco factory at low wages. He advanced rapidly, however, and at twenty-one started in business for himself, whence has grown his immense business as tobacco manufacturer, being known all over the world.

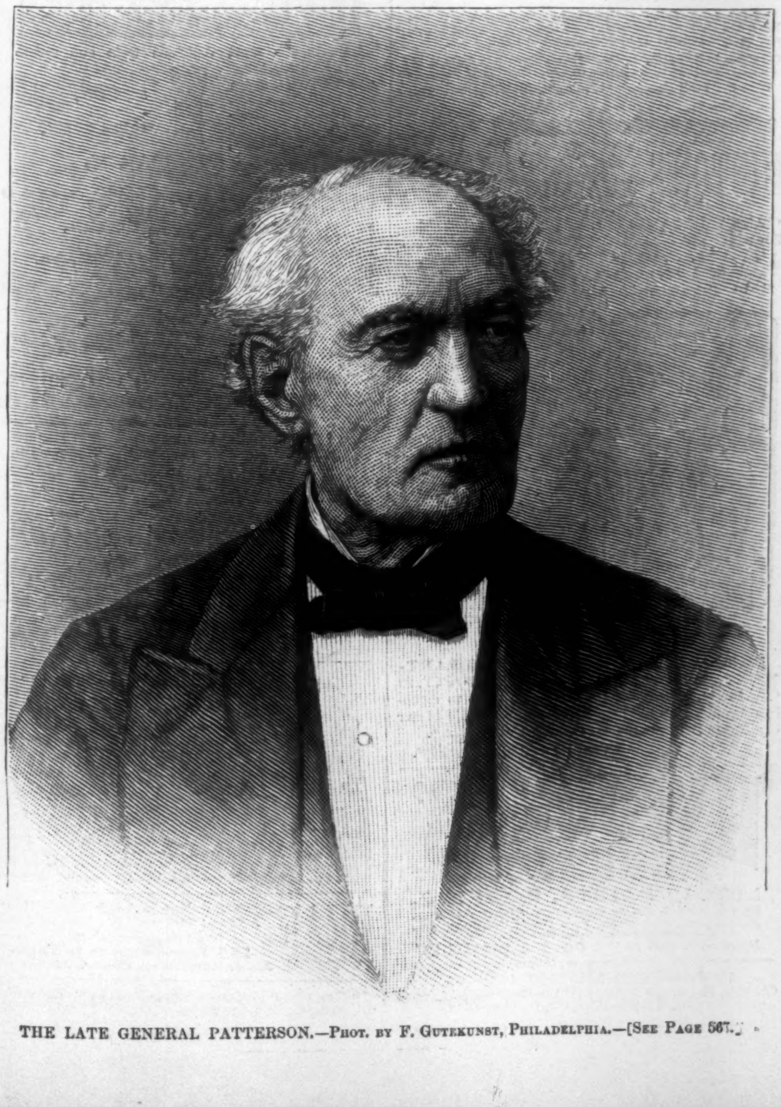

THE LATE EX-GOVERNOR JOHN J. BAGLEY.—Photographed by Randall, Detroit.

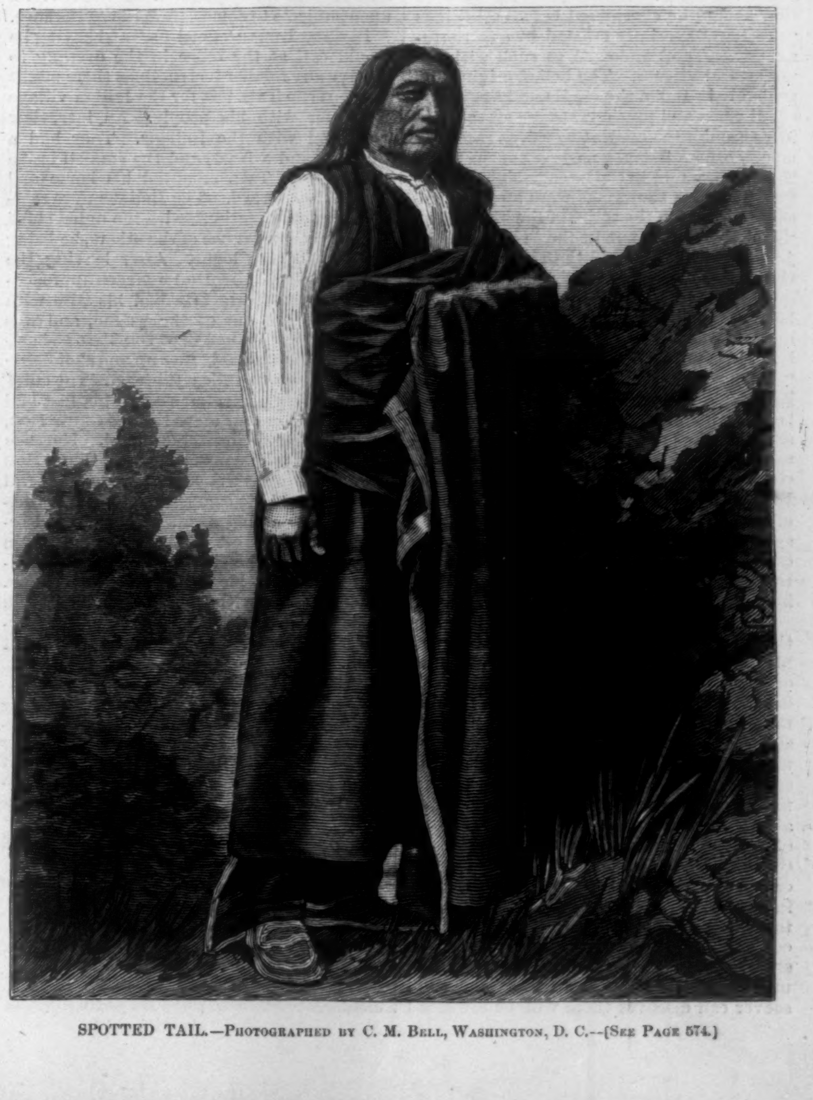
In a business line he was also, at various times, Vice-President of the American National Bank, President of the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Company, and President of the Detroit Safe Company, besides other interests.

Coupled with these, he showed great political activity during the whole of his adult life. He first held office as a member of the Common Council and Board of Education in Detroit, and was afterward chosen President of the Metropolitan Police Commissioners appointed by Governor Crapo in 1865.

In 1868 he was Chairman of the Republican State Central Committee, where he showed admirable qualities by conducting the campaign in a thorough and systematic manner. He received in 1872, by a very flattering vote, the Republican nomination for Governor. In the election following he received 1400 more votes than the Grant electors, and nearly 57,000 plurality over the rival candidate, Austin Blair. He was re-elected in 1874.

His administration was marked as being thoroughly prudent, and in some respects brilliant. He gave especial attention to the State educational and charitable institutions. The State Board of Health and the State Fish Commission were organized, and the State militia reorganized, during his term. The tax system also took the place of the


THE LATE GENERAL PATTERSON.—Phot. by F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia.—[See Page 567.]


SPOTTED TAIL.—Photographed by C. M. Bell, Washington, D. C.—[See Page 574.]

then inoperative prohibitory liquor law, through his advice, in 1875.

Later he was mentioned in connection with the office of United States Senator, and in the Convention of 1881 was barely beaten by a combination of the friends of the other two candidates, the vote being 57 to 59 for Mr. CONGER.

Throughout his entire political and business life he was loved and respected by all his associates. His liberality was proverbial, and any appeal made to his sympathy met with a bountiful response. In his death while comparatively a young man Michigan loses one of her best and most distinguished citizens, the business world one of its most successful and exemplary members, and the whole republic can not but feel the loss of men of such noble nature.

A PICTURESQUE SCENE.

A LARGE number of negroes from the South have been engaged to work in the construction of the West Shore Railway, along the Hudson River. Our artist visited the scene of their operations a few days ago, and gives the results of his observations and notes in the sketches printed on page 572. These men are employed in the gravel banks and rock cuts of the Highlands, and will eventually be distributed all along the line. Many of them are scantily clothed, working with bare feet and bare heads. It is a curious sight to see the brawny blacks bending over their work, busily plying shovel and pick, and a more cheerful company of laborers it would be difficult to find anywhere. There are no dissensions among them, and all day long they join their melodious voices in some refrain.

In some places the banks are so steep that the men are let down by ropes from above, as shown in the sketch, and held suspended in mid-air until they can pick out a foot-hold from the mass of crumbling rock.

GEMS AS "CHARMS."

THE belief in gems as being endowed with the most marvellous powers, ridiculous as it may seem to the modern mind, was in reality a legitimate offspring of what has been not inappropriately called "natural" religion. Looking around him and above him through the universe, dim to his eyes, man first of all perceived that while the mass of objects on earth were the same, occurring in masses, there existed a few things that were very rare. And among the rarest of rare things were the precious stones. But they were not only found in small quantities, and of the most diminutive size compared with other things, but they had peculiar forms, with a lustre of their own resembling that of the stars. They were unlike all other substances found under and above the earth. It was quite logical that they should be considered before all things "precious," specially created by supernatural powers, and endowed as such with supernatural virtues. The belief, originating probably in India, the cradle and first home of all gems and precious stones, spread rapidly through the ancient world, as recorded, among others, in many passages of the Bible. Thus we are told in the twenty-eighth chapter of Exodus that gems were an indispensable adjunct in the attire of the high priest. "And thou shalt put in the breastplate of judgment the Urim and the Thummim; and they shall be upon Aaron's heart when he goeth in before the Lord: and Aaron shall bear the judgment of the children of Israel upon his heart before the Lord continually." It is probable that the "Urim" and the "Thummim" were large diamonds, although Epiphanius, the early Christian bishop and learned historian, describes them as of a sky-color, and they therefore may have been sapphires, valued equal to diamonds in ancient times. According to Epiphanius, the Urim and the Thummim in the "breastplate of judgment" of Aaron were endowed with special virtues, for "the change in the color of them, when he came out from the sanctuary, manifested the favor or anger of Jehovah."

Not only the natives of India, the Egyptians, the Jews, and other nations of ancient history had full faith in the occult power of gems, but even the highly cultivated Greeks believed in it. The Greek trust in the wonder-working power of precious stones is expressed in numerous works of their classical writers, and stands forth strikingly in an "Ode on Gems," by the national singer Orpheus. In this poem of about eight hundred pages a list is given of all the precious stones known to the Greeks, and the supernatural qualities ascribed to each of them. Orpheus calls gems in general "the highest gift of Jove to mortals," bestowed upon them as "a sure remedy against all earthly woes." All precious stones, says Orpheus, are hidden by the gods under-ground, "in mystic caves," and whosoever can discover them will be rewarded by "endless blessings"; to the possessors "care and sorrow will be unknown, as well as illness, and they will always obtain victory in battle." Coming to specify the virtues of each individual gem, Orpheus advises that "if thou wearest a piece of the agate stone on thy hand, the immortal gods will ever be pleased with thee; and if the same be tied to the horns of thy oxen when ploughing, or round the ploughman's sturdy arm, wheat-crowned Ceres will descend from heaven with full lap to throw it upon thy furrows." Of the ruby Orpheus says, "From off the altars thou, like the crystal [garnet or carbuncle], dost send forth a flame without the aid of fire"; and of the topaz, "Adorned with it, man may gain at once the heart of every woman, and woman the heart of every man." Happy Greeks! The acquisition of a topaz must surely among them have made the course of true love to run forever smooth.

The belief in precious stones as "charms," dating back to the most remote ages, is still flickering at the present time. It exists yet in parts of the Indian Empire, and is said to be notably strong in Persia. That august visitor to European shores, the Shah, has, on good authority, a number of gems in the possession of which he puts the firmest faith as a protection against all earthly ills and misfortunes. Accidental circumstances perhaps helped to strengthen this faith, for on one occasion the bullet of a would-be assassin glanced off from the casket of jewels which the "King of Kings" wears always on his breast. It may be that on this account the Shah of Persia has come to be the proprietor of the largest collection of jewels in the world, the total being valued at from three to four millions of pounds sterling.

THE MURDER OF SPOTTED TAIL.

ON page 573 our readers will find the portrait of the celebrated Indian chief SPOTTED TAIL, who was killed on the 5th inst. by CROW DOG, under the following circumstances: On the day of the murder SPOTTED TAIL visited Acting Agent LEBAR, at the agency of the Spotted Tail Indians, to receive instructions regarding his contemplated visit to Washington, he having been selected as one of the representatives of the Sioux nation at the coming conference at the national capital. He was urged to start at once, as a letter from the Indian Office directed him to report to Agent ANDREWS at Yankton Agency no later than the 8th inst., as the delegation from the Pine Rifle Agency was expected to reach Rosebud Agency on the evening of the 5th. SPOTTED TAIL concluded to wait until next morning and go with RED CLOUD delegates to Yankton Agency. This arrangement having been determined upon, SPOTTED TAIL desired to have a talk with his people that afternoon and receive an expression of their views upon subjects to come before the conference.

Bidding LEBAR "good-by," and saying he would call at the office in the evening to receive any further instructions there might be, SPOTTED TAIL left for the Indian village to confer with his people. An interview was held with the Indians. They had a big talk and a feast, and the council broke up, SPOTTED TAIL mounted his horse and started homeward. The Indians were scattering in all directions, with the noted chief somewhat in advance of the others, he being first out of the lodge. After leaving the council lodge, CROW DOG was seen approaching SPOTTED TAIL. He had his wife with him. He got out of the wagon, and was stooping down when SPOTTED TAIL rode up to him. He suddenly rose up and shot SPOTTED TAIL through the left breast. The chief fell from his horse, but rose to his feet and made three or four steps toward CROW DOG, endeavoring to draw his pistol. He then reeled, and fell backward dead. CROW DOG jumped into his wagon and drove off at full speed toward his camp, some nine miles distant. The acting agent at once issued orders for the arrest of CROW DOG, under a paragraph in the treaty of 1868, which renders him amenable to the white man's laws. In compliance with these orders, the Indian police accomplished the arrest, and the murderer was sent to Fort Niobrara to await trial.

IF you wish a soft and pretty skin use nothing but Riker's American Face Powder, and occasionally a little glycerine lotion. Those who prefer a liquid preparation will find Riker's Cream of Roses the most satisfactory article they can use. —[*Com.*]

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WE have used Horsford's Acid Phosphate in cases of indigestion, with good results.
DRS. MARSHALL & LONGACRE.
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Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers. Wholesale Depot in London, No. 7 Snow Hill.—[*Adv.*]

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A HAPPY FAMILY.
Pulled from the breast, squeezed from the bottle,
Stomachs will sour and milk will curdle;
Baby hallelujah all that night,
Household bumping heads in awful fright.
Don't deny, 'twas thus with Victoria,
Night was hideous without Castoria;
When colic left; for peaceful slumber,
All said their prayers and slept like thunder.—[*Adv.*]

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☞ The starchy constituents, ordinarily objectionable in Infants Food, are changed to Dextrine and Sugar, and rendered soluble and easily digestable by heating Anglo-Swiss Milk Food.
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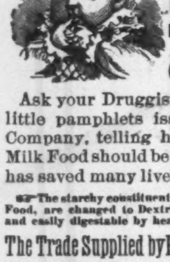

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PRICES: One inch, all Silk or Satin, French Elastic Webbing (usual colors), Ladies', $1.50; Men's, $2 Misses', $1; Children's (very soft and elastic), 75 cents. English Elastic Cotton Webbing (one inch wide), Ladies', $1 Men's, $1.25; Misses', 75 cents. Sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of Postal Money Order or Registered Letter. Send for circular. LONDON ELECTRIC FABRIC CO., 144 Duane St., N. Y. P. O. Box 4048.

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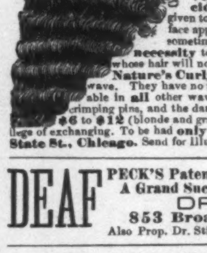

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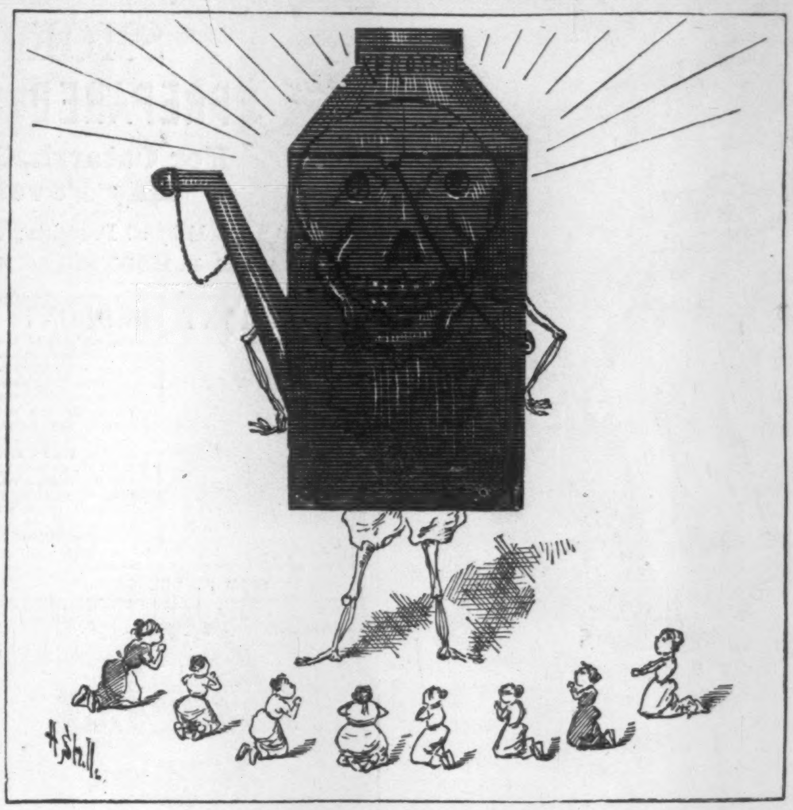

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